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STORIES

AND

REMINISCENCES

BY

EVAN HOLBEN.

Vol. I.

1902.

Second Volume will be ready by January 1st, 1903.

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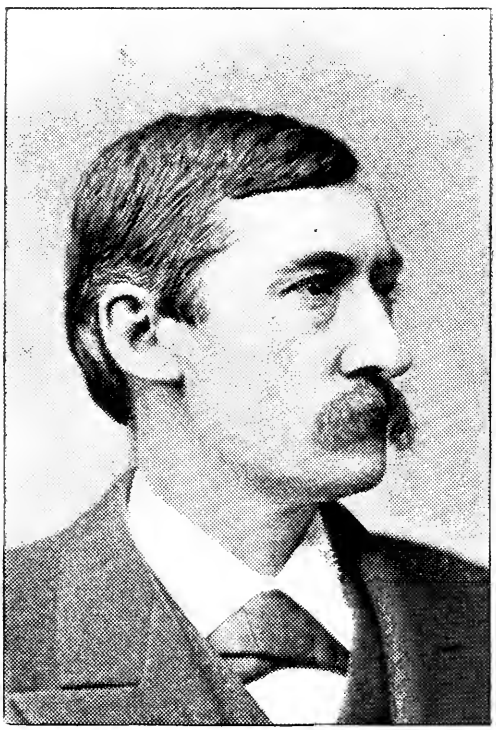
Page 143 Matt Quays article



Evan Holben, the son of Jacob Holben, a former Sheriff of Lehigh County

EVAN HOLBEN,

Born Nov. 26th, 1837, at Holbensville, Lehigh County, Pa.

Learned iron founding and milling.

Both means and opportunity of education scanty. Taught school in 1860-61. Read law with the Honorable John D. Stiles and admitted to the bar April 7th, 1862.

Was a private in Company D, 176th Regiment, P. M., and served nine months.

Was solicitor for Sheriff of Lehigh County in 1865-6-7.

Was elected State Senator in 1876 for two years and re-elected for four years in 1878. In 1891 elected to the then proposed Constitutional Convention.

And is now practicing law.

He continued for many years to practice law in Allentown.

He died on June 3, 1918 and is buried in West End Cemetery

PREFACE.

The stories and reminiscences, some new and some otherwise, here presented, have been hastily written and without any studied effort to clothe them in the best possible garb; neither have they been methodically and appropriately arranged and hence they do not appear "As snug as a bug in a rug."

All know, that books of this character are likely to contain more than a tinge of silliness and folly and besides a little re-roasting of ancient chestnuts and re-threshing of old straw.

Nevertheless it is hoped, that they contain a few grains of readable matter, which may peradventure amuse the reader. Stories are not the wisdom of the foolish for the edification of the more foolish, for it is a well known fact:

"That a little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

In other words, anything funny, grotesque or ludicrous is always palatable and the man who thinks he never did anything foolish isn't wise enough to know folly. It may be remarked, that it is sometimes hard to tell how much wit it requires to avoid being ridiculous. Caution has been observed not to violate this sentiment:

"Immodest words admit of no defense
For want of decency is want of sense,"

and to avoid invidious personalities in the firm belief tritely speaking, that it is better to black boots than to black characters and to sew shirts than to sow strifes. But still it is not pretended that these books will be exclusively circulated and only read in pious families and sunday schools, nor is it claimed, that they fill a long felt want, for though they may fill a want, that want has been and still is unfelt. No assurance is given that they are a cure for the blues or for the dispersion of the blue devils, though such a thing is devoutly wished, for there is an exceedingly better tonic that all of us must gulp down sooner or later and that is that no one cares an esox about our woes. A story is always in order, though it be as old as the hills. It is a natural tonic and the entire system responds to its exhilarating vibrations. Often certain stories are looked upon as new, when in fact they are simply new applications of old ones.

The older the story the better it must naturally be, for antiquity is the best evidence that it is sound to the centre of the core; if it were not it could not and would not live; it would die in its infancy. It must be admitted, that as far as stories only are concerned there is not much exclusive knowledge.

In fact, if one should venture to say that he had a story absolutely new and original, and if he were put to an acid test he would in all probability be

obliged to resort to the plea of "unconscious absorption," and if the age of miracles were not passed, he would be in danger of the fate of Ananias. New fashions, new wine, new lodges, new courts, new judges and new trusts are very common things, but not new stories. The ancient proverb maker was no doubt correct when he said:

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun."

"We are the same our fathers have been,
We drink the same stream and view the same sun
And run the same course our fathers have run"
And repeat the same tale that has often been told.

This may have been so long before Jonah made his famous three-day sojourn in the belly of the big fish.

It is stoutly asserted that there are, comparatively speaking, but few original stories, but Providence has not as yet condescended to reveal them. It is of no consequence either, of no more importance than the questions: "What became of Mother Carey's chickens?" or "who struck Billy Patterson?" It has been said, that a story-writer or teller is as natural a plagiarist as a woman is a smuggler. He is certainly frequently entrapped and sometimes made a fool of, and the only consolation he has, is in the reflection that it is very easy to make a fool of a man, but an impossibility of making a man of a fool. No one can tell the age of a good story for all any one knows it may be co-

eval with original sin. Although stories are very common and merely the repetition of former happenings and events either true or false, yet it is a fact, that a very large percentage of the most intelligent reading public do not know the most ordinary ones.

The writer has no special commendation to make or excuse to offer for the publication of these small volumes, on a subject, on which there is not much new under the sun. They must vindicate themselves or "tarry at Jericho." Hence they are submitted without an apology with a glimmering hope that they may not be found absolutely lacking either in novelty, interest or amusement, and all that is desired of the reader is that he may say nothing worse of the author, after he has gone to that country where hail storms and fire showers do not worry a weary pilgrim, than that, "He was a poor sinner, but he done his best."

EVAN HOLBEN.

THE SHERIFF OF "LITTLE" LEHIGH KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

He was a man possessing common sense in an uncommon degree, and during the stormy summer of 18— was kept very busy in the discharge of his official duties, especially in making arrangements to hang a prisoner, and could not attend to the routine business of his farm. One of the Sheriff's cows was delivered of a calf, which refused to suck or drink. He was consulted and he resolved, to give the matter his personal attention, well knowing, that a man can attend to his own business best and to do a thing, was to do it and be done with it. "To begin at the beginning," as the crane said, when he swallowed the eel head first, he began to proceed with the fullest confidence of success, no doubt thinking that a Sheriff, commissioned to hang a fellow creature, ought to be able to make a calf drink.

After several vain attempts to induce the calf to suck, he procured a pail full of milk and tried to make it drink, but all coaxing failed. Though a mild and meek man, he lost his sweet temper, and grasping the poor animal by its ears he rammed its head into the milk, saying, "Confound you

miserable calf, if you had been Sheriff of Lehigh county half as long as I have been, it would not be necessary to coax you to drink."

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN BOY BLAZED HIS OWN WAY

He was born, reared and educated near the base of the Blue Mountain in the upper part of Lehigh county. After he had attained the age of fifteen years, he entered college, and in due time was graduated with honors. During vacation he taught a rural summer school in a one-story building with a single room, near the village of Schnecksville. He was full of vim, strenuosity and gumption with an abundance of business instincts in his composition and with sufficient self-assertion and self-confidence to umpire a modern base ball game, and although a great linguist, yet indulged very little in verbal frills.

He went abroad and after having studied and taught in several European cities, he went to Paris, where he opened a school, which during his latter days had a scholarship of twenty-four hundred. Professor H., who had been born, vaccinated, baptized and confirmed in the same township, also went abroad, and in his journeyings through Europe he visited Paris. Taking a stroll one day along one of the principal thoroughfares of that beautiful

city he espied on the front of a huge building a large sign in big glowing letters in French, which translated read: "The International Institute of Professors, by Charles Rudy, late President of the Academy of Schnecksville, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America."

A PAIR OF ACCOMMODATING CANDIDATES.

Not a generation ago in one of the Pennsylvania counties the contest for the nomination for District Attorney was very spirited; it was nip and tug between two competitors, both of whom were campaign hustlers, "equalled by few and excelled by none," and whilst the fight was on, it was difficult to say, whether the hound or the fox, as it were, was ahead in the race, both were in it up to the hub.

At the convention, however, one of them declined, whether for the reason he gave, or because he had fears of being slaughtered in the house of his friends and preferred to back out to being knocked out. He said: "Gentlemen of the convention! I withdraw from the contest for the sake of preserving peace and harmony in the party; I have made as vigorous and gallant a fight as I could, I permitted no grass to grow under my feet and left no stone unturned. For instance: but a few days ago I called on farmer Schneider, who was at the time engaged in milking a vicious cow with an unweaned calf; I

offered my assistance. We pushed the cow against the barn and I held her by the horns, whilst he milked her; I asked him: "My friend Schneider, have you seen my competitor lately?" He replied: "Yes, only a few minutes ago." "You know where he is now?" I asked. "Yes, just now he is behind the barn, holding the calf."

A RADICALLY NEW BEGINNING.

The late lamented Professor Skimmerhorn was a characteristic, brusque and picturesque colored gentleman with lots of sporting blood and nervous volubility. He seemed to enjoy life best when he was in boiling water, and there is where he was most of the time, for he was either in love, debt, distress, the hospital or on the anxious bench. Whilst others were trying to get away from trouble, he was looking for it. He was an advocate of the early bird and worm theory, but never practiced it very extensively. The road he travelled was full of ruts and washouts and hedged with thorns. His motto was, "Let her go, Gallagher!" He had no ambition to die rich, well knowing that there are no pockets in shrouds and that

> "Pillars of the church servants of the devil,
> Here very quick find a common level."

His health was good and he could eat and drink as much as a Dutch ambassador, and would never let go of a cheroot until he had smoked it to

its very limit. He never had the blues and cared nothing about the fleers and jeers of the public and was always as happy as a boy swimming on bladders in a sea of glory. He went merrily around the merry-go-round until he departed for the happy hunting ground to join the great majority. After innumerable ups and downs, and after having wrestled against blood and flesh for weeks he was converted and joined the church and became a full-fledged Christian which surprised his enemies and gratified his friends. It can not be said that it was a sad day for reform when he was converted, for he had renounced the devil and all his works, and had seemingly become a model of righteousness and integrity. One of his creditors having heard of his reformation and meeting him on the street accosted him thus: "How are you, Professor? I am told that you have reformed and joined the church." "Yes, sir; that am so," he rejoined with much unction. The creditor assuming that his moral re-habilitation was complete, remarked: "Well then you ought to pay me those five dollars you owe me." This so shocked the professor's sensitive nerves that it almost produced a hemorrhage and exclaimed with astonishment: "Oh good Lordy! all them old things I have laid aside; I have commenced a new life—don't you see?"

LITTLE SHAKY IN THEIR FAITH, BUT AT THE SAME TIME THEY HAD A PLAN AS TO HOW TO GET THROUGH SAINT PETER'S TURNSTILE.

Henry and Adam, who, although earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, borrowed no troubles, and enjoyed life more than many possessing millions. They both loved short prayers and relished long sausages, together with four full quarts of whiskey to the gallon which counted more with them than long hypocritical supplications to the Lord. One day they helped one of their neighbors butchering, and in the meantime imbibed considerably many universal paralizers; they talked about this and that, whilst cutting up the meat and making sausages, the conversation turned on the Allentown lawyers and they unanimously agreed on two points, first: that a goodly fraction of them drank too much, and secondly, that the worst of the drinking lawyers was a better lawyer than the best of the temperance lawyers.

At last they discussed the question concerning the resurrection of the dead. Neither had much faith in a post mortem punishment. They had more confidence in facts without faith than in faith without facts. They thought praying was all right in case of a public calamity, but that water was the best thing in a conflagration.

"Well," says Henry, "should there be a resurrection of the dead, when the day comes and Angel

Gabriel blows his trumpet, you and I will get up and go along with the rest of the boys and when we get to Saint Peter's door, we will knock for admittance." Adam replied: "That is a good idea, Henry, no doubt, when you and I knock at the door of Saint Peter, he will open it, but I fear, he will take a good look at us and then say: "Boys, this is no saloon."

SPIKES, I STAND BY THE PARTY AS LONG AS THE PARTY STANDS BY ME."

Back in the thirties William F. was elected a member of the Legislature, for what purpose nobody has ever found out, for he had no equipments for a lawmaker. He claimed a second term by right of custom. Spikes Ritter, a patron saint of the Democracy, who expected of an office seeker not to go hunting or fishing on election day, and to stand up to the Democratic rack, fodder or no fodder, had a long seance with him on the policy and propriety of his candidacy and his chances of election.

He could not dissuade him from running. Spikes finally said: "Well, Bill, if you are bound to run, then run, but if you are defeated, you must stand by the party all the same." Bill could not be frightened with this kind of a bug. He had a preternatural appetite for office and being in no sense a sentimental politician, and had no use for anything he

could not use, he thought that if the party had no use for him, he had no use for the party, and if the party could get along without him, he could get along without the party and didn't give a darn for any darn man that didn't give a darn for him, declared: "Spikes, I stand by the party as long as the party stands by me."

"BE ALWAYS FIRST MAN AT A FEAST AND LAST MAN AT A FRAY."

A coterie of three, a doctor, a lawyer and a parson, sat down to a sumptuous meal, of which a huge turkey was the centre of attraction. Before the eating process began, it was proposed that each should cite a passage from the Good Book, and the one whose quotation should be the most appropriate to the occasion should have the seat of honor and the best part of the gobbler. The doctor took his fork and stuck it into the side of the bird, saying: "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side." Then the lawyer took the gravy dish and poured its contents upon the head of the doctor, at the same time saying: "There came a woman unto him, having an alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it upon his head as he sat at meat." This fired the doctor's heart; he mounted the lawyer and a violent conflict ensued, each endeavoring to down the other by tripping up his heels and twitching him off his centre, and when they were thus struggling

and whilst the contest for physical supremacy was still trembling in the scales, the parson "who never naming God except for gain, so never took that useful name in vain," took time by the forelock and seized the gobbler, tucked it under his left arm and hastened for the door, at the same time saying: "And Jesus went out and departed from the temple."

THE RABBI COMPREHENDED THE GIST OF THE CASE.

Isaac was a *fin de ciecle* boy and tuned up to date on the modern customs and practices of his tribe. His mother found him one morning in the kitchen eating sausages with the hired girl. This shocked her mosaic sensibilities, and she rushed to the conclusion that dear Isaac's mind was out of gear. Next morning she found him in the girl's room, who was not of Israelitic extraction. She was now doubly sure that the boy was teetotally bereft of his mind. She told her husband that Isaac was insane. Abraham did not coincide with her. A strange Jewess, indeed, that could not distinguish betwixt mildew and manna. To satisfy herself she saw the Rabbi, to whom she related the facts and at the same time declared that Isaac was insane. The Rabbi differed with her, but she, persisting in her assertion, he told her:

"My dear Madam, you are laboring under an hallucination; these acts do not show, that he is out

of his mind. I admit, however, that, if Isaac had eaten the girl and had slept with the sausages, then there might be good ground for the opinion of his insanity."

ONE WAY OF BEGINNING A YARN.

"The Ghost of a breeze crept through the honey suckles where a humming bird whirred at the lips of the flowers. It was as if June sighed a long warm sigh of infinite lassitude. Roswell leaned back in his wicket chair and flicked idly at his boot with his slender walking-stick. Five years, he said to himself, was a long time. It was difficult to pick up the threads that had been dropped and resolve them into any semblance of order," etc.

HE WAS EARNEST, PLUCKY AND FULL OF VIM AND FULL OF FIGHT, BUT WHEN HE ATTACKED SATAN HE LEARNED THAT HE HAD A TOUGH PROPOSITION ON HAND, AND THAT HE HAD TO KEEP HIS COAT OFF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

It used to be the custom of the ministers of the Evangelical Conference to make verbal reports as to what they had done and accomplished during the previous year. This was changed by resolution, requiring each member to furnish a written report. At the next conference each one, as his name was called, complied with the resolution, ex-

cept Reverend Disinger, who was a self-made man, full of faith and religious enthusiasm, and who devoted all his time and energies to making saints out of sinners. He was no temporizer, and wore but one collar, and that was his own, and never sugared over the devil. His shibboleth was to destroy Satan and to annihilate the infernal regions. When his name was called, he said: "I have no written report, but I can tell you in five minutes as to what I did during the past year: I baptized twenty children, married ten couples, buried nine persons, I held many revival meetings, attended two camp-meetings and preached over a hundred sermons. In short, I labored hard in the Lord's vineyard and tried my utmost to kill the devil and to knock in the gable end of hell."

HE WAS EVIDENTLY NOT IN HER CLASS AND SHE LEARNED THAT TOO MUCH PRIDE IS NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF.

A young man escorted a lady home one evening, and on the way she told him: "I hope you will not tell anybody that you beaued me home." "Oh no, I am as much ashamed of it as you are," he retorted.

HE HAD IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE IN THE OLD MAN.

Peter Max was full of vim, vigor and vinegar, and without fear of the devil or death. His morality was sound, barring profanity. He was a carpenter, and when things did not move according to Hoyle or Queensbury he would vent his pent-up feelings in the German tongue, which was well hung and finely balanced, and never used it to conceal his thoughts.

One Soley, a meek and God fearing man, was his partner. One day, when Peter was engaged in sawing a knotty pine board, he was pestered by an annoying tax collector of an unpopular tax, "bounty tax." Says he: "I have no money." "Well, when will you get money?" he was asked. "Well, the way it looks now, I will never get any." He was like Samson, though a strong man, yet could not pay money before he had it.

After heaving a heavy sigh he remarked; "The preachers tell us that this world is going to come to a sudden and abrupt end some day. Now I don't want this to happen, but if the world must come to an end I hope it will happen before this confounded bounty tax must be paid," and then supplemented his wish with a great variety of hard swears. He did not audibly wish that anything should happen to the collector, but no doubt thought that it would be a bad thing if nothing would happen to him.

The heavens were perturbed and had an omnious appearance, and now and then there was sharp lightning, which was followed by heavy peels of thunder. Soley did not relish the general aspect of the surroundings and said: "I am going to leave," and at the same time began to collect his tools. Peter took in the whole situation and said: "Soley, I know what you mean, don't leave, stay, don't be frightened, I meant no harm, there is no danger at all; the old man understands me, and I know he won't punish a poor fellow for swearing at the damned bounty tax."

THE SHEARERS CAME BACK SHEARED.

Daniel's abilities as a slick horsejockey were recognized by all who ever had a horsedeal adventure with him. He understood the art and science of the trade and besides he was not hampered with conscientious scruples, in fact, he had conscientious about having censcientious scruples. He considered his profession as a game, in which nothing is unfair, and whoever ventured near him with a horsedeal proposition found himself upon a covered pitfall. Two amateur horsejockeys entered into a sort of offensive and defensive alliance to clip him. They had two nags which had been repaired and decorated for the occasion.

They bridled and saddled their animals and rode down to pay Daniel a friendly visit to talk about

this and that, and to have a good time generally. They were received with open arms and entertained royally. He was not taken by surprise, for he had the animals and the goods with which to accommodate his friends; besides his standing boosters were on hand to whoop up things. Without any folderol business swapping of horses, saddles and bridles was begun in good earnest, boot money was paid, but not by Daniel. In the meantime all partook, at brief intervals, of large quantities of Dutch courage. Finally re-swapping was indulged in and continued till the queen of the night could be seen in all her glory, and the amateur jockeys started for their respective homes sans horses, sans saddles, sans bridles and sans confidence in themselves or in humanity in general and horsejockeys in particlar, and were minded like uncle Jake was, after he had an inglorious wrestling match with a congregational convention and declared: "The longer I have dealings with my fellow creatures the more I love the dog." They almost cried their eyes out, but they could only blame themselves, for their troubles were all birds of their own hatching.

A SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION OF THE QUESTION.

In the trial of an assault and battery case some years ago the district attorney cross-examined the wife of the defendant, [who was full of sauce and gall and like a lucifer match liable to be ignited by

the slightest friction, and when she spoke she convinced a fellow that actions do not speak louder than words], with a view of showing that he and the prosecutor had been enemies before the fight. She was asked: "Madam, your husband and the prosecutor were at loggerheads with each other before the fight, were they not?" This fired her heart, and with jack-in-the-box rapidity replied in vigorous tones: "No, you lie, Sowden, my husband is not as much of a lager head as you are."

A COUNTRY CONSTITUENT'S IDEA OF AN OLD MEMBER OF THE ASSEMBLY.

The late Honorable D. K. was a country veteran of the Pennsylvania Legislature way back, when special legislature was in its palmiest days. One of his neighbors came to the county seat to consult his lawyer. Said the lawyer: "How is my friend Daniel getting along?" He replied: Oh, very well, he is making money fast." "How is he making his money? By farming?" "Oh no, he is at Harrisburg; you know he is a member of Assembly." "Yes, I know that, but the salary is so small that it hardly pays expenses." "Yes, that is so," answered the constituent, "but you know he is one of the old members and of course gets all the heavy cases."

HE WAS ONLY A MEMBER OF THE LOWER HOUSE.

A scholar without any experimental knowledge as to how laws and sausages are made, was elected a member of the Legislature. After he had been at the capital for several weeks and had seen some of the interesting things at that attractive place the scales on his eyes began to fall off.

Coming back one evening from the lunch route to his hotel he was more than slightly agitated. He called the senator from his district aside and asked him: "Senator, what do you suppose I saw this evening?" He replied: "This is a conundrum; how can I tell as to what you saw; you may have seen Beelzebub, Judas Iscariot, or the man that struc Billy Patterson, for all I know." He answered: "I saw a senator in a house of ill-fame." "Where were you at that particular time?" he was asked. "Oh that is all right, I am only a member of the Lower House, but think of it! A senator going to such a place."

THE COLORED PARSON RAKED UP A FIRE WHICH HE COULD NOT RAKE OUT.

He was accused of having said that no colored gentleman could enter the kingdom of heaven. He replied: "I have not said that, but what I did say was that no colored gentleman with chicken-thieving propensities could enter the kingdom of heaven." "Parson, I perceive the phraseology am different but the sentiment am the same," was the emphatic reply.

HE WAS SOUND ON THE GOOSE.

Tradition has it that the expression: "I am sound on the goose" was coined during a political campaign. Two candidates were running for Mayor and the principal issue was as to whether the goose should be permitted to run at large or not. Many a political pilot had run amug on this question.

One of the candidates dodged the issue, remaining on the fence where he could hear what was said on both sides and keeping his wits and lips together, but one evening, when he was in the midst of his peroration, he was asked; "How are you on the goose?" He replied: "I am sound on the goose," without saying on which side he was. He was elected, both goose and anti-goose parties voting for him, showing the wisdom of the laconic advice: "Dear Beaver, don't talk!"

A DOUBTFUL FISH.

Old Hannewackel was very fond of fresh sea fish and exceedingly aggravating to all fish-mongers. He had a habit of putting a fish right under his nose, which had a badly cracked reputation for cleanliness. One day he was sharply reprimanded by a fish-monger, who asked him in a stern tone: "Why do you smell at that fish so much?" Laying down the fish he said: "I did't smell at the

fish, I simply talked to him to learn the news from the sea." "Well, what did he say?" "Why, he said that he didn't know any news from the sea, as he hadn't been there for three months," he rejoined.

A KNOCKOUT AND DRAGOUT ARGUMENT.

A generation ago there was a debating society which discussed many of the ancient and modern questions puzzling the good people of the land. One evening the question was "Who is entitled to the greater honor, Columbus for discovering America, or George Washington for fighting it free?" After a rattling discussion one Schrefry with a game leg and basso profundo voice, not overburdened with historical knowledge, but fond of declaiming in public and scolding in private, and at the same time disliked to see the credulity of the people abused at the Penna. German Debating Society in his vicinage and generation without him was like mint-julep without the mint. When he took the floor and proceeded to clear away the cobwebs surrounding the question concluded by saying: "I can settle this matter simply by asking a question which any school-boy can answer. "Who is entitled to the greater honor, Columbus for having discovered America or George Washington for fighting it free, is so simple that a child can answer it. My question is how could Columbus

ever have discovered America if George Washington had not first fought it free? Why this question answers itself. "Of course the referees awarded the honor to George Washington, as is always done in rural debating societies where he is the subject on one side and some other hero on the other. This has been so for such a long time that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

This is proof positive that the great mass of people still consider him the father of his country and that he could not tell a lie although many of the children of his country can.

FOR THOSE WHO RUN TO READ.

"The editor of a rural newspaper was in Philadelphia during the week following the shooting of President McKinley, and noted with surprise the promptness of the newspapers here to bulletin-board the hourly reports of the President's condition. He determined to adopt the idea on all important events when he should return home. Soon afterward, he was told one morning by the local physician that Deacon Jones was seriously ill. The Deacon was a man of some distinction in the community; so the editor posted a series of bulletins as follows:

10.00 A. M.—Deacon Jones no better.

11.00 A. M.—Deacon Jones has relapse.

12.30 P. M.—Deacon Jones weaker. Pulse failing.

1.00 P. M.—Deacon Jones has slight rally.

2.15 P. M.—Deacon Jones' family has been summoned.

3.10 P. M.—Deacon Jones has died and gone to Heaven.

Later in the afternoon, a traveling salesman happened by, stopped to read the bulletins, and, going to the bulletin board, made another report concerning the deceased. It was:

4.10 P. M.—Great excitement in Heaven. Deacon Jones has not yet arrived."—*Tales Worth Telling*.

HE KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD.

A young plantation colored gentleman after a long converse about the good things of this world concluded by observing: "Molasses, coon meat and gravy am three things too good to talk about."

THE GERMAN HAD AN OCCUPATION.

Not many years ago during one of the hot, dry dog days, a big burly German strolled into the saloon of Mr. Kern, who was an intelligent and industrious German. The stranger accosted the saloonkeeper in a very polite manner and then asked him for a glass of beer, saying at the same time, that he

had no money. Mr. Kern said: "Why do you have no money? You appear to be a strong and healthy man, and there is plenty of work to be had."

The German answered in the blandest manner: "My dear friend, my occupation is no good just now." He got his beer and then entered into a general conversation with Mr. Kern, who finally asked him: "What may your occupation be?" "Ich bin 'n Schneeschepper." (I am a snow shoveller.) He got all the beer he wanted.

"SO FULL OF ARTLESS JEALOUSY IS GUILT, IT SPILLS ITSELF IN FEARING TO BE SPILT."

He was a farmer and applejack distiller. He had made money, not out of the applejack but out of the water he put into it. He resided in a community which favored, if not total abstinence, at least moderation. He was called to an account and the church council lexowed him. He pleaded confession and avoidance and after a vast deal of hemming, hawing and shrugging, he admitted, that he indulged in the titillating beverage on two occasions and said: "I drink moderately; I like applejack, but I drink it only on two occasions and that is when I have sourkraut and speck for dinner and when I have no sourkraut and speck for dinner."

THE COUNTRY LADS WERE CONSIDERED DULL BUT STILL THEY WERE SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT A VETERAN HORSE JOCKEY.

Farmer Bach told his son and hired man on a glorious Fourth of July, that they might sell the stagger horse and keep the proceeds, as he did not want the animal any longer on the premises. They consequently hitched the horse to the buck-board wagon and started for Allentown to find a buyer. After a long search they found a victim, and he was a genuine veteran horse jockey, who could multiply fractions in his head and who always had his snares spread in all directions for all comers and reveled in the delights of getting the better of a fellow. They made a deal; they got a good old horse, worth eighty dollars and a five dollar bill in exchange.

Before many clouds had rolled by, he learned, that he had been woefully deceived. Of course he got mad and sued the boys for damages. At the trial, after much swearing pro and con, one of the boys took the stand and it soon appeared, that he was the most innocent and unsophisticated witness that ever appeared in a horse case. He could neither speak nor understand English and it was a difficult matter for the interpreter to make him comprehend the questions. He was finally asked: "Did you not know that the horse had the staggers?" He knew nothing about such a disease,

his mind was perfectly oblivious to the subject, but there was some method in his "dummheit" all the same. He was then asked: "Was not the horse what is called in Dutch: 'En dummer Gaul?"' (meaning a horse with the dull staggers.) The boy drawled out: "Well, ich kann sell net saga, er war verleicht net ganz so gut ufgebooked als wie eure Staadtgaul sind, aber fur en Landsgaul war er ziemlich schmart." (Well I can not say that. Perhaps he was not as well booked up as your town horses are but for a country horse he was pretty smart.)

OLD HANS ROLLED HIMSELF.

Two young men went West to raise the wind. One was a quack doctor and the other a weather prophet. They failed dismally in their first attempt. They called on a rich farmer. The doctor introduced himself as a great physician and asked: "Have you any sickness in the family?" The farmer replied: "No, not now, but I had the typhoid fever last week. I cured it in a single day by threshing with a flail and sweating it out." This was discouraging news. Just at this juncture the farmer's boy came rushing up, exclaiming: "Papa, Hans rolled himself." The farmer called the hired men and said: "Boys hitch the horses to the hay-wagon quickly and haul in the hay, for it

will rain inside half an hour." The weather prophet asked: "Who is this Hans that can tell when it is going to rain?" The farmer replied: "Why, Hans is my old mule. When he rolls himself it will rain inside half an hour." The doctor called the weather prophet aside and said: "This is no place for us, where the flail is the doctor and Hans, the mule, the weather prophet."

HE HAD LOST HIS WIFE, HIS HAIR AND HIS TEETH, BUT NOT HIS HEAD, AND WAS UNWILLING TO UNDRESS HIMSELF BEFORE HE WAS READY TO GO TO BED, AND PREFERRED TO LOOK AT THINGS IN A RAW STATE INSTEAD OF A COOKED CONDITION.

Wennheim lost his wife in his declining years. He had two boys and two valuable farms. As he had become aged and could not attend to the routine business of his farms, the boys devised a device to relieve their dear father from the burden of worldly cares and proposed this: "Papa," said Sammie, "mother is dead and you have no help, and nobody to take care of you. Now, we have a plan; you deed one of the farms to me, and the other to Johnnie, and then you can live with me or Johnnie, as you prefer; or you can live with me one week and then next week with Johnnie. You can do then what you please and go where you please." The old gentleman had some business instincts and

knew how many beans it takes to make five, and evidently suspected that there was a tarantula in the proposition, and not wishing to put himself in a position where his own doors might be shut against him, said: "Boys, I will take the matter into consideration." And so he did. One day, in his perambulations, he found two wee robins snugly ensconced in a nest. He put the youngsters into a cage and hung it up on the porch. The mother of the birds fed them and hovered about the cage every hour in the day. After they were able to fly and take care of themselves he let them go. They took wings. He then put the mother into the cage to find out what the youngsters would do for her. They never showed up, and she would have starved, if she had not been released. The old gentleman, after having been asked whether he had considered their proposition, remarked: "Boys, after having carefully observed the ungrateful conduct of the two young robins towards their mother, I have concluded to keep my farms."

HIS FRIEND ENTERTAINED MISGIVINGS AS TO WHETHER HE WAS PREDARED TO PASS THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE ON HIS WAY TO KINGDOM COME.

James Cooley was a good citizen with all his faults, and being an enthusiastic Christian he devoted much time and labor to sky-piloting, with-

out, however, neglecting his worldly affairs. In fine, no matter how many of the commandments he may have broken, he always stuck to religion.

He was the principal moral persuader and exhorter in his church and when he had the floor he made things go. He was a great admirer of the prophet Isaiah. One evening when a double portion of the spirit of the saint was upon him and after he got through with the passage: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them," and after being thoroughly warmed up, he shouted: "When we go to heaven we will have a glorious time, let us all strive to get there. I expect, brother Rex will be there and brother Zimmerman will be there, and sister Dieter will be there and sister Bohly will be there; you all will be there and I will be there, and then we shall have a happy time." When he said: "And I will be there," Joe Gogen, an intimate of his, and who was slightly under the influence of patriotism or the devil, cried out: "Jimmie don't be so damned sure about that."

"BILLHEIMER THE STOREKEEPER ALWAYS ATTENDS TO MY BUSINESS FAITHFULLY IN MY ABSENCE."

He and his neighbor Spoonheimer were hostile rivals with pig-iron wills and preserved their consciences by being always wrong, and an even tem-

per by being always mad. They were always prepared to fight each other in the highways, streets and alleys, each trying to run the politics and church in their township single-handed and alone. One Sunday afternoon, after the services were over, an election was held for a new minister. Before the ballots had been counted, Spoonheimer knew that his cause was a forlorn hope, and all the milk of human kindness in him had soured. He sat down on a chair, leaned back and feigned sleeping. When he awoke he yawned, rubbed his eyes and exclaimed: "Oh, my Lord! I had a terrible dream!" "What did you dream?" was asked. "I dreamed I was in hell." "What did you hear and see there?" "When I got there, the devil asked me: 'where are you from!'" "Pennsylvania, I said. Then he asked me, what the people were doing when I left? I told him that they were holding an election for a new minister. He exclaimed: "Is that so? Then I must go there right away to see that the right man is elected." But before he started he asked me, who was managing the election. I told him Billheimer, the storekeeper, was bossing the job. The devil, with much exultation, exclaimed: "Oh! that is all right, I have no occasion to go there now, because Billheimer, the storekeeper, always attends to my business faithfully in my absence."

THE SCHLEY-SAMPSON IMBROGLIO.

The truth of the aphorism, "maladies are cured by nature, not by remedies," is well verified by the man's recovery who had been afflicted with a dangerous sickness. Two physicians operated upon him, but when new complications set in they abandoned him, no doubt thinking that he was ripe for the undertaker. One of his friends sent for a new physician, who could not come on account of a previous engagement. In due time he recovered. In this way the doctor who could not come was awarded the honor of saving the man's life. Who will say that the honor was not wisely and deservedly bestowed? Why not upon the same theory award the honor of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet to Rear Admiral Sampson?

No one can divine what calamity might have befallen our fleet if he had been at the battle.

The accusations against Schley are of a serious character for he may be condemned for too much victory and he cannot show an alibi, whereas Sampson can, and as he has the medal, prize money and the promotion, why not give him also the honor for the annihilation of Cervera's fleet, thereby showing that Republics are not ungrateful but like Providence never kind by halves.

SOME BIDS FOR A SMILE.

Davy Jones was interested in the mermaid's account of the killing of a deer by Admiral Schley.

"Sure he didn't disobey the orders from Washington?" he asked.

"There were no orders. He just saw the deer and shot it."

"Think he didn't order the Brooklyn to head for the sea and get out of range?"

"Are you crazy? He shot the deer, I tell you."

"All the same, I'll bet some mighty hunter in Washington will put in a claim for the venison.—*Marine Journal.*

HE ESCAPED THE CALAMITY OF A COURT OF INQUIRY.

In Kohomo, Ind., the other day, "when four buildings were burning, Frank Wyatt, a railroad engineer, saved four lives at the risk of his own. So bravely did he do so that the city councils and two organizations all gave him gold medals. Fortunately the medals were presented at once, so that there was no delay to appoint a court of inquiry to find out whether Wyatt did right or wrong in accomplishing results."

HE THOUGHT THAT A DOG THAT COULD CATCH RATS LIKE HIS NEEDED NO PEDIGREE AND REFUSED TO ARGUE THE POINT.

He had lots of home bred sense and courage and could see his own blood without fainting. One day he came to town with a load of hay and his long nosed dog Neckar and happened to get to a stable in an alley where they had rats in traps and a blooded rat-catcher. He wagered five dollars that his dog could catch five rats without a miss and that their dog could not do that. The boys delighted in feasting, reveling and domineering, and they thought they had a cinch. His dog caught and killed five rats in succession and their dog missed one. They began to wrangle, to mix up things and claimed that their dog had the better pedigree and more scientific points. He could not be rattled in this way and declared: "A dog that can catch rats like mine needs no pedigree, and to hell with your scientific points, I want my money." Whilst the boys were trying to get up an argument court he pulled off his coat and exclaimed: "Now there will be a fight!" The money was handed over and the impending catastrophe was avoided.

A NOISY SET.

The Philadelphia Democrats beat all creation for noise, fusion and confusion. They remind one of the New Jersey farmer's bull frogs. When they

were fit for the market he went to a New York restaurant-keeper and promised him twenty thousand frogs. He delivered twenty, and when asked, "Where are the rest," replied, "These are all I have." "Did you not say you had twenty thousand?" "Yes, I did, and I thought so, too, from the noise they made," he rejoined. Hearing them toowhooing one might conclude that they were as numerous as the locusts and grasshoppers in Egypt. They furnish all the cause for dissension and contention at the primaries and conventions and are in evidence during the whole year except on election day, and where in Gehenna they are on that day no one seems to know. It is one of the great unsolved mysteries of the age. On that day they seem to vanish like mosquitoes before a blizzard."

HIS APPETITE FOR LAW AND LAWYERS WAS TEETOTALLY OBLITERATED.

Mr. Musey was defendant in an action involving more cussedness than money. It may not have been a spite action but the next thing to it. The trial resulted in a small verdict against him. When he called on the opposing council to pay up he was as mad as an overly excited hornet. The general topography of his face indicated his morosity. He complained about law, generally and of lawyers in particular.

The counsel in a quizzingly tantalizing manner said: "Mister Musey, all the lawyers are honest." He made no reply but paid his money, took a receipt and ramming it and his spectacles into his vest pocket, started for the door.

The lawyer asked him again: "Well, Mister Musey, you have not answered my question yet, don't you think all the lawyers are honest?" He replied with an accent of rancor: "That is a damned big question, Mister Stiles," and went out and departed from the lawyer without saying so-long, good-bye or go to Halifax.

ANOTHER GREAT QUESTION.

"Johnny, did you hear the latest?" queried Stokes.

"No, what is it?" asked the lad.

"Why, there is a lawsuit between the devil and the people, and who do you think will win?"

The lad, after a little hesitation, said: "Well, that will be a tight squeeze; the people have the money, but the devil has the lawyers."

JOSEPH LOST HIS SWEET TEMPER.

He was a man of resolution and a sound Democrat during all the seasons of the year. He was not a wordy man, and believed in the principle "put up, shut up or clear the alley." During the

presidential campaign of 1888 he had staked a good fraction of his means.

On the evening of the election he remained up late to hear the news, and in the mean time he took refreshments and several nerve tuners. The news was bad, which knocked his general good humor and Christian forbearance out of shape. Finally he lost his appetite for election news and went home to his dear Catharina, a disgruntled politician. He entered his house and went upstairs without much ado. Whilst he was undressing himself, his kicksy-wicksy, who had already retired, asked him: "Joseph, wer ist jetzt President, haben wir's gewonnen?"

He answered with an accentuation of irritability and disgust: "Catharina, wart' nur bis ich meine Hosen ausgezogen habe, dann will ich dir schon zeigen, wer President ist.

THERE IS NOTHING THAT CONVINCES A MAN SO THOROUGHLY OF HIS INFALLIBILITY AS SUCCESS--THIS IS AS TRUE AS VINEGAR IS SOUR, HONEY SWEET AND ALOES BITTER.

Rev. Reinoh had a fair reputation as a heavenly lobbyist. He was conceited and effusive in his joy over his success. He spared the rich and flayed the poor and may be placed in the category of parsons for revenue only. One day he preached a

characteristic sermon on the passage: "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered."

He said a great many unique things. He gave a short history of his life and in so doing succeeded admirably in overrating himself, claiming that he had been sent here by Providence to preach the Gospel, but Providence had no such bad intentions notwithstanding that things had changed since Jesus taught by Galilee. He concluded by saying: "I finally studied theology and have now been a minister for twenty-five years and am worth thirty thousand dollars and without sin. Thank the Lord. Amen!"

HE WAS TEETOTALLY DISGUSTED.

His legal acumen was not equal to his ambition. He was tyrannical to those below him and subservient to those above him.

He had a confirmed habit of abusing the opposite party, his lawyer and everybody else not on his side. He was especially rude and severe on arbitrators, if they decided against him. One day he was as nice as a summer girl. He stepped outside of the door and before closing it he fired this parting shot at three arbitrators who had rendered an award against his client: "Sirs: I can throw an old axe into the woods and hit better arbitrators than you are."

SOUND ADVICE.

When the young darkey was about starting out to fight the battles of his life, his aged papa gave him many valuable pointers. Amongst other things he told him: "My sonny, whatever you may do, never go into the poultry business on a bright moonlight night, and always keep in front of the mule."

HE KNEW THAT SOME OF HIS CONVERTS WERE QUEER FISH AND NOT WORTH ANGLING FOR.

Rev. Dissinger was a good judge of human cussedness to which humanity is heir. He was no sycophant and believed in the doctrine that all obsequious flatterers were damn'd beyond redemption. The circumstances and environments had been against him in his younger days in getting an education, yet he was no amateur in religious matters, and was high up on man's original and present transgressions and never bowed to the Baal of lusts and trusts. He and exhorter Krause had been co-laborers in the Evangelical church for many years in the same city. Dissinger having been assigned to a new field, they became separated and did not meet each other for a long time. His new charge was composed of the rough and tumble class and were as much alike as one egg is to another. When they met again, and after having exchanged the customary civilities of the day, the interview was about as follows:

Krause: "Brother Dissinger, how is your church doing?"

Dissinger: "Very well, considering all things."

Krause: "Is your church increasing and prosperous?"

Dissinger: "It is, thank the Lord."

Krause: "Any new converts?"

Dissinger: "Oh yes, quite many."

Krause: "Are they people of means and good standing?"

Dissinger: "Well, brother Krause, I will tell you, they are so so, I don't believe there is an angel in heaven, that would give five cents for a pair of them."

HE WAS FULLY SUPPLIED.

Old Sensenbach was well fixed, a little eccentric and as independent as a bantam rooster on his own dung hill. He was never afflicted with morbid fancies, nor with vain alarms. Whilst sitting under his own apple tree, visibly affected with the out-put of a distillery, chewing Polar Bear with characteristic energy, his bull broke into the wheat-field near by. His dog got after him, chasing the animal from one end of the field to the other, treading down the grain. His tempestuous wife, who generally differed with him in all things as widely as the zenith and nadir, came rushing out of the

house and vociferated: "Isaac, why don't you call the dog back and chase the bull out of the wheat-field?" This was repeated, but he paid no attention to her whatever. This ired her, which was perfectly natural, for the only one thing that makes a woman more angry than being talked about, is when she is ignored. She told him with a strong intonation: "Isaac, the trouble with you is that you have your head full of whiskey again!" "Yes, and my belly also, and besides two barrels full in the cellar," he cooly rejoined.

THE GUILELESS AND INGENUOUS DIVINE WAS UNFORTUNATE IN OPENING HIS DISCOURSE.

He began in this fashion: "I am reminded by this gathering of something I saw while traveling in the Holy Land. Donkeys are much used there; and the drivers use long, sharp-pointed sticks in their work, with which they stir the donkeys up. Words, however, seem to me just as effectual as goads; and my mission here to-night is to stir you up."—*Tales Worth Telling.*

THE BRUSH VALLEY PREACHER RESIGNED.

Reverend Aubele had a small and impecunious congregation. It was up-hill business with him to make both ends meet, and after having served his God and church faithfully for many years he arrived at the conclusion that a paying church was

more popular and more conducive to the happiness and comfort of a parson and his family than a praying church, and resolved to shake the dust of Brush Valley off his feet. He resigned and then preached his farewell sermon in his own native vernacular. He concluded with this uncomplimentary remark:

"Als Kälber hab' ich euch angenommen,
Als Ochsen verlass ich euch;
Geld regiert die Welt,
Aber Dummheit Brush Valley, Amen!"

„As calves I accepted you,
As oxen I leave you
Money rules the world
But ignorance Brush Valley. Amen!"

IN THE SAME BOAT WITH THE BRUSH VALLEY PARSON, BUT STILL WAS THANKFUL.

After he had preached a long and vigorous sermon, he had his hat passed around for contributions. When it was returned to him he saw that it was empty, and looking at the ceiling said in a voice of relief: "Oh Lord, I thank Thee, that I have got my hat back again."

His experience in using his hat as a contribution basket was like that of the aged colored parson, who, after having preached an earnest sermon on charity, held up his hat to be passed around and said: "Brethren, this old hat am like the world we are living in; it goes round, round and round all the time, but nobody takes any notice of it."

THE GERMAN MINISTER GOT HIS RURAL FLOCK BADLY "VERHOOTLED."

One evening, after he had ascended the pulpit and had adjusted his spectacles, he opened his hymn book and as his eyes were dim and the light poor he remarked:

"Das Licht is trüb,
Meine Augen schlecht
Das Lied zu finden
Geht nicht recht."

The choir and congregation sang the lines with vigor and vim, and he exclaimed:

"Halt' ein! Halt' ein!
Ihr Lieben mein,
Das Lied soll nicht
Gesungen sein."

They sang this stanza notwithstanding his protestation, and as soon as they got through he vociferated:

"Seid Ihr des Satans
Ganz und gar;
Das ist nicht was
Zum singen war."

To his utter amazement this was also sung, and seeing no other way out of the quandary he said:

"Nun lasst uns beten."

HE CRUISED AROUND AND ABOUT HER.

The efficient district attorney of "Little" Lehigh in his younger days was full of enthusiasm with a vigorous itching for the public ear and loved to

talk to the galleries. A German girl had testified to the requisite facts constituting a case of F. and B. There was no defence; but she was, nevertheless, asked a few questions on cross-examination. The district attorney, as usual, had to go over the whole case, and he "began to proceed." "Madam," he said, "did not John Yocksheimer come to your place of residence, and you met him at the porch, and you invited him into the house; he accepted your invitation and accompanied you into your parlor; you sat down on the sofa, and he took a seat by your side, and then he commenced to cajole and caress you, and at last you yielded to his embraces? Was not that the way, Madam?"

The girl understood very little English, but without giving the interpreter an opportunity to translate this double compound question, she blurted out in Pennsylvania German: "Yah, du hast recht, Sowden! Grahd seller wake wars." Yes, you have right, Sowden! just that way it was.

HE DID NOT PURPOSE TO BE WHOOPED OUT AS A WITNESS.

Mr. Biery was known as a loud and ribald infidel, although he was not unmindful of the fact that:

> "Both rich and poor, all must
> Like chimney sweepers, come to dust."

He was clever but very grotesque. He knew

that it was easy to fall into a trap but hard to get out of it again. He had a case in Court and was called as a witness in his own behalf. The opposing counsel objected to him as a witness on the ground of his unbelief.

He was asked: "Mr. Biery, do you believe in the Bible and a future state of rewards and punishments?"

The old gentleman placed his eye-glasses on his nose and after he had them carefully adjusted (no doubt sparring for wind) he leaned over the witness box, took a severe look at the opposing counsel and asked: "Mr. Stiles, would you like to argue that point with me?"

After much see-sawing and dodging, he answered the question in the affirmative. He was admitted as a witness and testified like a young colt. After the case was over, he was congratulated on his change of mind. He replied: "Boys, I have not changed my mind in the least, but I didn't want that confounded redheaded lawyer to cheat me out of my evidence,"

A CONSCIENCIOUS CONVICT.

Many years ago Mr. Balser was arrested, tried and convicted for an assault and battery.

The alleged offence was committed at a country frolic. The Defendant protested his innocence,

but he was convicted all the same. When he was called up for sentence, he was asked: "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced?" He answered: "Yes, I have, I am entirely innocent; I was at this frolic and was standing close by the prosecutor, when he was knocked down, but it was dark and I did not see who did the striking; I know that I didn't do it. But since I am convicted, having about thirty years ago upset a hay stack down in Saucon and never having been punished for it, this sentence may go for that."

A CONGRATULATION WITH A CODICIL ANNEXED.

Some years ago a young Pennsylvania German from the queen city on the hill went to Philadelphia on a political mission, to engage orators to address a Republican mass meeting. Though homebred he was a man of gum and gumption and no small toad in the political puddle, and during a campaign he was as busy as a red squirrel in the nut season. He was a strong Pennsylvania German stumper with a distinct trace of demagogism, though correct in all things except his grammar and as he was going to remain over night in the city of Brotherly Love, he was requested to address a meeting of Germans. Such an honor he could not decline; if he had, three-thirds of his friends would have

been struck with amazement, for he was fonder of making a speech, than a weasel is of sucking eggs. He made a vigorous speech, and was warmly congratulated by many, which made him feel as proud as a strutting chanticleer; but at last a highfalutin German with gold-rimmed eye-glasses stepped up to him and said: "Herr Weidner, Ihre Rede war sehr gut, aber wer Sie Deutsch gelehrt hat, der hat es in die Hölle hinein verfehlt!" Mr. Weidner, your speech was very good, but whoever taught you German, missed it all to hell.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A COLD STROKE INDEED.

Listman was known as a great exaggerator and not infrequently resorted to his imagination for his facts. One day his barn was struck by lightning. This was a fruitful subject for him. He said: "After the barn was struck I was sure it would go up in smoke. I rushed to the barn and soon saw that it had been a cold stroke. I found a hole ten feet square in the roof and icicles hanging down from ten to fifteen feet long."

HE BEWAILED HIS EXPERIENCE AND HIS CONDITION.

He was a hard-working man and not blessed with much milk and honey, never having been favored with the horn of plenty. One day he attended a country battalion with a view of having a little fun

and amusement, with the result of having become the victim of too many mixed drinks. He had a hard struggle to get home, and when he got there he was not in a condition to appear in public—he was hatless, coatless and bespattered with mud. He collapsed in the kitchen, groaning, moaning, gagging and vomiting and in a bewailing voice sighed: "Oh, mein lieber Herr im Himmel! Wenn ein armer Mann nur ein bissel Spass für einen Tag haben will, und dann muss er warksen und kotzen." My dear Lord in heaven! When a poor man wants a little fun only for a single day, he must gag and vomit.

HE WAS FULL OF EGOISM AND EGOTISM.

He was in the habit of soliloquizing and when taunted and twitted about it remarked: "I talk to myself because I like to talk to a sensible man and because I like to hear a sensible talk."

THE REVOLTING STARS WERE AGAINST HIM AND HE LEARNED THAT BY TURNING ROUND THE WRONG CORNER ONE WILL GET ON THE WRONG ROAD AND GO DOWN HILL NO MATTER HOW THOROUGHLY HE MAY APPLY THE DRAG.

Ex-associate Judge L, had his full quota of natural ability; he was enterprising and liberal and did not belong to that class who:

"To warm themselves they would desire
To see their neighbor's house on fire,"

He was highly esteemed by all, but he was unfortunate in his business, mainly due to fortuitous circumstances. He did not start out on the rising tide, and was not borne along with the current as many are. One of his neighbors, who had lost by his first failure, was told that Lord rumor had it that his friend was again in financial straits. He called on him and to his surprise he learned, that he was in the financial mire up to his ankles with his head foremost. Says he: "Judge, I am told that you have failed again." He unbosomed himself thus: "Yes, that is so, and I feel bad about it; I am in the condition of the boy, who, stubbing his toe on his way to see his best girl, said he was too big to cry, and it hurt too badly to laugh. I am an unlucky man; I verily believe that if I were a hatter the people would be born without heads."

NOW LET SOMEBODY ELSE UNDERTAKE TO RAISE A BOY THAT GOES TO HARRISBURG TO MAKE LAWS.

Colonel Good was a self-made man. He had no educational advantages in his early days. He was left an orphan and was raised by a country cobbler and learned his trade. He forged his way up to distinction, and deserved to be classed among the novi homines. After he had launched out for himself, he became a candidate for the assembly. His unsophisticated foster father was in evidence at the

convention, but it is questionable as to whether he had a clear knowledge of the workings of a political machine. But the colonel knew a thing or two and was very popular. When it was announced that his foster son was nominated, he braced up and in an hauteur manner remarked: "Now let somebody else undertake to raise a boy that goes to Harrisburg to make laws."

SHE MUST HAVE HAD A DEPUTY HUSBAND.

Bridget was a hot proposition and after having had innumerable controversies with her husband concluded that marriage was a failure, at least her husband was, and resolved to have a divorce. She called on lawyer Recht and said: "Mr. Recht, I want a divorce." He asked, "Madam, what are your grounds or reasons for a divorce?" "I have a good reason, sir," she answered. "What is it?" he asked. Without looking upon her apron strings to find an answer, she remarked: "My reason is that I half suspect that Patrick is not the father of my first boy."

A LITTLE COMMERCIAL POLITICS IN WHICH ALL THE PARTICIPANTS DEVELOPED CONSPICUOUS BUSINESS-LIKE INSTINCTS.

In the cold and blustering spring of 187– there was a very animated contest for Mayor in the beautiful city on the banks of the raging Jordan. Vari-

ous local issues of more or less importance were involved, but they were all submerged by the all absorbing question, as to whether the goats should be permitted to run at large on "Billy Goat Hill." Late in the afternoon of the election a delegation of the goat party came up town on business, pure and simple, to confer with one of the quondam statesmen, who was sound on the goat, and who understood addition, division and silence, and besides had a very sensitive and keen appreciation of the fact, that money makes an election go, as well as the proverbial mare. He asked the spokesman of the delegation who was known to be fond of the pie counter: "Have you all voted?" He replied: "No, there is trouble in the ward and the boys are holding back." "What seems to be the trouble with the boys, and what ought to be done?" was asked. The leader replied: "I think, your Honor, you had better call the finance committee together." This was done instanter, and the goat party, using the phrase of the old sailor, "swabbed the deck."

HE HAD LOST ALL APPETITE FOR AIR IN MOTION AND WATER IN LABOR.

When the 176th Pennsylvania Regiment was on a rickety vessel bound for Saint Helena Island, the ship was caught in a terrific gale, tossing her hither and thither and the waves rolling mountain high and swabbing the deck.

During the day there was more or less fun. One of the mischievious boys started the rumor that the pilot was rattled and didn't know which way he should turn the steering wheel, saying: "Don't you see he is excited, is turning the wheel to and fro and can't get it right?" The general aspect of things was ominous and many realized the force of the advice: "Praise the sea but stay on the land," and believed that they would surely meet with the fate of the late McGinty. By midnight the prospects of a safe voyage were certainly very slim; there was confusion and consternation among many, some cried, some prayed and others acted as though the devil was dead and hell frozen over. A German was particularly loud and earnest in his invocations and in his conclusion he said: "Oh Lord, save us from destruction; let the storm subside' so that the sea may become calm, and forbid that we should be shipwrecked and be buried in the sea. I pray Thee, oh Lord, to give me only one more chance, to take the sacrament in the Salisbury church!" He was a member of this church, which stood on a mountain many hundred feet above the level of the sea.

HE COULD NOT BELIEVE THAT THE GENERAL WAS A RELATIVE OF HIS.

In 1882, when Ex-Governor James A. Beaver ran for Governor, he attended the Berks County Agri-

cultural Fair at Kutztown, where he was introduced to many of the Jacksonian adherents of the Democratic Gibraltar. He shook hands with all the Beavers he could find. This was business and he was on a business tour, pure and simple. His imagination saw many votes and, of course. he was as sweet as perfume. He was introduced to Black Dan Beaver who was a rock-ribbed Democrat from way back, whose Democracy was all wool eighteen carats fine. There were no pestering sores on his political escutcheon. The Governor claimed relationship, saying, "We no doubt are related; my family comes from Chester county and I understand that the Beavers of Berks come from the same place." Black Dan could not see it in that light and replied: "I can't believe it." "Why not?" queried the Ex-Governor. "Well, because I never knew or heard before that there was a one-legged Beaver in our family."

HE COULD NOT BE ANGLED WITH A PAINTED HOOK.

Many years ago, when a millionaire was a rare bird, a country storekeeper by the name of Sem Haas wrote to a wholesale firm in Philadelphia, asking whether they would sell him goods on credit. He was the bona fide owner and possessor of the village of Haasville, consisting of two hundred acres

of rich land with a large store building on it, which was used as a storehouse, dwelling and hotel, a tenant house and two large barns, in spick and span order, which were never empty, and he was the Poo Bah of the place, preferring to be a live man in a dead town to being a dead man in a live town. The firm wrote him a very polite reply, saying amongst other complimentary things: "We are aware of the fact that you are perfectly honest and responsible and regret exceedingly much to inform you that our terms are strictly cash, no matter how honest and responsible a party may be. We would like to make an exception in your case, but we can not deviate from our long established cash system. Nevertheless, when you come to our beautiful city, do not fail to call on us, as we will make it pleasant for you and give you a good time generally." He was not minded to ape the monkeys or monkey with the apes, as his answer proves:

HAASVILLE, PA., March 6th, 18—.

Esquires:—I sit down and take my pen in hand to write you a few lines to let you know that when I go to Philadelphia to buy my goods, I won't have time to fool around with you, and that for cash I can buy anywhere in the United States. I am well and hope that these few lines will find you in the same state of health. So much from your friend,

SEM HAAS,
Haasville storekeeper."

A VERY SOUND CONCLUSION.

A colored gentleman kept a ferry and one day he was asked by a white man to "ferry him over the ferry" and at the same time stating that he had no money. He replied: "Oh it costs only three cents." "Yes I know that but I have not three cents in my pockets or in my name" was his answer. The colored ferryman after looking at his toes and scratching his head a little remarked reflectively: "A man that has no three cents in his pockets or in his name is just as well off on this side of the river as on the other side."

NEW YORK MILLIONAIRES HAVE NOT EVERY-THING THEY NEED.

Two Pennsylvania Germans from one of the back townships were one day talking about the rich of New York city. One contended that they had all their hearts could desire. His comrade disagreed with him, saying, "Last year after I was through with my work I went to New York and as I had nothing to do and did not want to go home yet on account of the great dog show which was to come off in a few days, I went to one of these big millionaires and asked for work. He asked me: "Can you saw wood?" "I told him that that kind of work suited me. I was directed to go to the back yard where I would find the wood and a saw. I saw beautiful

horses, fine carriages, bicycles, dogs, cats, peacocks, girls in paper curls and a big Irishman with a high hat milking a tiny little goat. There was some hickory wood there and a buck-saw, but no saw-buck. Now what do you think of a millionaire without a saw-buck? As poor as I am, if I had no saw-buck in my yard, I would bury myself in a hay stack for shame."

HE UNDERSTOOD THE SITUATION FROM CIRCUMFERENCE TO CENTRE.

Willoughby was a man of sense and means. His eupepsy had been badly run down by the over-indulgence of liquor and narcotics. One morning he ordered a gin-cocktail but ruminated long before he ventured to take it. He talked and talked and now and then would make goo-goo eyes at the bewitching concoction, but finally swallowed it holus bolus and rubbed his stomach with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, saying, "I have him located now and if he holds his position all will be well." A bystander, a sixteen to one Democrat remarked: "If I understand you correctly your cocktail is like the gold standard in Congress, likely to come up at anytime." "That's it exactly" he good-humoredly rejoined.

HE TOOK THE WIND OUT OF A PATRIOTIC LAWYER'S SAILS.

The Major always took a deep interest in military affairs. He was Captain of a spanking company and when the Mexican war broke out, it was expected that he would march to the front and fight till he waded in blood up to his knees; for he was a man of courage and not afraid of a wagon load of monkeys; but in this his friends were disappointed. He was averse to leaving his family and business. Besides he knew that war is hell and didn't want anything to do with it. A public meeting was held in the Court House with a view of infusing a war spirit into the Major and his company. A prominent lawyer who was an accomplished lip artist and who considered himself a diamond of an enormous size, made a spread eagle speech, and after getting fairly warmed up declared: "If Major Fry refuses to volunteer and lead his company on to victory, then I will take charge of it myself." The burly Major did not believe in this kind of demagogical baboonery. He got up and said: "Mr. Gibbons, if you take this company to Mexico, a cornstalk will grow out of the western portion of your anatomy inside of six months." This razzledazzled the patriotic lawyer and in the midst of the confusion the meeting adjourned itself to a well decorated restaurant to commune with each other, and the patriotic orator wended his way homeward looking as though he wished the earth would open and swallow him.

MAJOR FRY SHOWS HIS FRIENDS HIS HOGS.

A number of prominent statesmen and lawyers visited the Major and he welcomed them cordially and entertained them royally. He not only knew the art and science of raising big porkers, but he actually did raise them. They were inspected by his friends, who were surprised nigh unto astonishment at the beauty, size and weight of the animals, which tickled his vanity and hog admiration. He took a stick and goaded them to get up, but they only grunted a deep gutteral without raising their heads. He ejaculated: "Get up, you lazy fellows and behave yourselves, when your friends come around to see you."

IT IS SAID, AND NOT BY A FISHERMAN EITHER, THAT HE PERFORMED SOME WONDERFUL ASTRONOMICAL FEATS.

When at Harrisburg making laws for his dear constituents he had many interesting experiences and seldom was worsted. His appetite was commensurate with his size and thought kitchen physic was the best physic. There was no sucking of the hind teat with him. He was bold and would not approach anybody in a crawling position on his hands and feet. He was very fond of all kinds of fowls, especially turkey, and a dinner with him without a turkey was like the play of Hamlet with

Hamlet left out. A coterie of five had a table to themselves at his hotel; they had a special dinner, the great attraction of which was turkey banked by five quails. Of course such a table would not escape his keen observation and it afforded him a fine chance for a sumptuous meal. He preferred things eatable on the table instead of in the kitchen and having a clear appreciation of the saying: "Appetite is the best sauce but a very poor entree" and being neither bashful nor backward, he took a seat at the table. The servitor gave each a quail except the Major, who asked in a gruff voice: "Where is my bird?" He was told: "This is a special party." He was not to be discriminated against in this way and said: "Well, since each of you have had a bird, so I will take what is left," and suiting his action to his remark, stuck his fork into the turkey, placed it on his plate and ate the whole with much relish and without weariment of his jaws to the amazement and confusion of all.

I CAN STAND MUCH, BUT I CAN'T STAND A SHORT-WAISTED MACKEREL.

He had ordered mackerel. The waiter brought him the head end. "My friend, bring me the next part to this mackerel." He came back with the tail end. He looked at it and then remarked: "Here, waiter, your mackerel up here in Harrisburg are mighty short-waisted; I can stand much, but I can't stand a short-waisted mackerel."

HE WAS BETWEEN GRASS AND HAY.

When he was a candidate for the Senate he called on a farmer with a pull and notion of his own who told him very frankly: "Major, I can not support you because I think you are too young." He was defeated. Three years thereafter he called again on the same farmer who again refused to give him a lift, saying, "Major, I would cheerfully support you, but I think you are too old for the position. We ought to have a younger man." The Major was in a perfect state of dumbfounderment, and after he came to himself exclaimed: "Three years ago I was too young and now I am too old; in the name of Jupiter when shall I come?"

ANSWERING A FARMER'S QUESTIONS.

"By invitation I made a speech not long ago at a farmers' barbecue in a neighboring county, and I spread myself in encouraging our people to keep up with the age and pictured the innocence and honesty and independence of a farmer's life in multitudinous language." I was cheered and congratulated of course, and when I got through, an old grizzly fellow came up with brass-bound spectacles and says he to me: "My friend, you talk mighty well! You talk like a lawyer, but I would like to know if you can tell me what kind of a calf makes the best milch cow?" "A

heifer calf," said I, and the crowd just yelled. I got the grin on the old man and so I says:

"Let me ask you a question and you may ask me another, and the man that can't answer his own question must treat to cigars."

"All right," says he; "now go ahead."

Said I: "How does a ground-squirrel dig his hole without leaving any dirt around the top?"

He studied awhile and then gave it up and in a triumphant tone called on me to answer.

"Why," says I, "he begins at the bottom."

"Well, how does he get to the bottom?" said the old man, as though he had me.

"I don't know," said I, "I never did know, and as it is your question you must answer or pay."

The crowd yelled again and the old man bought the cigars."

HE SOLILOQUIZED IN A SUBDUED VOICE, "DARE NOT A PERSON SAY ANYTHING AT ALL."

Farmer Bachman was a good soul, but in the habit of using vigorous Dutch on accasion, but he had few of any other abominations. One day whilst out harrowing the heavens looked perturbed. He unhitched his horses and started for home, but was overtaken by a severe thunderstorm. Leaving his horses under a temporary shedding near a covered haystack, he found an old ladder leaning against the same. He

clambered up the ladder, but before he got to the top, one of the rungs broke and he fell to the ground with more force than dignity, not only injuring the broadest portion of his body, but also lacerating his feelings. It was perfectly natural that he should vent himself in his native tongue, which he did with much vehemence: "Da wollt' ich doch, dass ein heilig Marocco Donnerwetter in die verdammte Leiter 'rein schlagen thät!" was his execration. This was followed by a stroke of lightning entering the haystack. He took a cautious survey of the surroundings and after the air was clarified of its sulphurous odor, he in a subdued voice remarked: "Darf mann denn gar nichts mehr sagen?" (Dare not a person say anything at all?)

HE HIT THE BULL'S EYE.

During the panic of 1877 Mr. Blauman was one of the many who were caught in the meshes of the sheriff, and all his valuable property was sold at a great sacrifice. He caused exceptions to be filed to the sales, which were sustained. On being told by his counsel that the sales had been set aside he took off his glasses, and after a little meditation remarked: "Senator, I tell you, sir, these sheriffs' sales are a ruination to a man's business."

BLOOMER'S DISMAL FAILURE.

He bloomed and boomed a long generation ago, when there were persons here and there that believed in "hexerei" and "spuckerei." He was a little wiser than some of his neighbors and pretended to be able to do some mysterious and marvelous things by the aid of the seventh book of Moses and the collaboration of the devil. On a foggy night a farmer's smoke-house was entered and all the hams stolen. This afforded Bloomer an unprecedented opportunity to demonstrate his powers in the black arts of the Egyptians. By some mysterious modus operandi he was going to knock the thief's conscience out of shape so as to induce him to surrender himself and return the hams. But he could not get a move on him, whether it was because he had no conscience or because his conscience had been seared with a hot iron, is not easy to determine. Possibly it was like the fellows alarm clock, he had got so used to it that he did not hear it anymore. This and that excuse was given for the slow progress that was being made, and the people became impatient; the owner of the hams was hungering for his meat, and the people were hungering to see the thief. He had to do something to placate the parties, and being pressed he said: "I have tried my utmost; I have located the fellow, but I can not make him come back now; I must have one thing yet, and that is fat from a knee-cap of a man that hung himself." This man is living still if he is not dead

IF THE HON. GENTLEMAN FROM NORTH CAROLINA DOES NOT EXAGGERATE THEN HIS CORN WHISKEY MUST BE A DANGEROUS RIVAL OF THE FAMOUS MIXTURE OF TEN YEAR OLD APPLE JACK AND CIDER ALE FOR PRODUCING EXHILARATING VIBRATIONS.

"Down in my district," he says, "a drummer happened to mention that he had been in Clinton county, Ohio. 'I have a brother living out there," said a sad-eyed man, sitting on a box in the store, 'and if you ever see him I wish you would tell him that I am mighty hard up, my farm is mortgaged, and I don't believe I will ever be able to educate my children. But, anyway,' he added, 'let's take a drink.'

"So they took one drink of corn whisky and then the sad-eyed man had another message for his brother. 'Tell him,' he said, 'that I am getting along tolerably well, even though I haven't much money.'

"Then the drummer proposed another drink, and the sorrowful man grew happy."

"Then the drummer proposed another drink, and the sorrowful man grew happier. 'Tell my brother when you see him,' he remarked, 'that I am making a good living and getting along first-rate.'

"After that there were several interchanges of hospitality, and the man, no longer sad-eyed, addressed the drummer: 'Tell my brother when you see him,' was his final message, 'that if he ever wants anything to draw on me?'

THE QUESTION OF BOILING EGGS SOLVED.

Bishop Paret, of Baltimore, tells an anecdote having to do with his visit to an Episcopal family in West Virginia. They were plain, quiet, unpretending, homelike folk, and did everything possible to make the Bishop's visit pleasant. Learning that he liked hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, the hostess, herself, went into the kitchen to prepare them. The Bishop, sitting in the dining-room adjoining, heard her begin to sing in a low but clear, musical and feeling tone the first verse of "Rock of Ages." There was so much of the spirit of the old hymn in her expression that he joined in at the fourth line, and accompanied her until she stopped, which was at the end of the second verse. When she entered the dining-room with the eggs, he asked:

"Why did you not sing the third verse?"

"The third?" she replied, "O! that's not necessary, you know, Bishop."

"Not necessary? I do not understand," he said.

"Why, dont' you know the rule of one verse for soft-boiled eggs, and two for hard-boiled? It just brings them right."—*Tales Worth Telling.*

UNCLE DANIEL HAD MORE THAN ONE IRON ON HIS STITHY TO STITH.

A few weeks before the special election on the proposed prohibition amendment to the constitution of

Pennsylvania, the following reply to an attorney's letter was received:

"JUNE 5th, 1889,

Dear Senator:—I hasten to say in answer to your letter requesting me to call on you next week in regard to the school case, that I cannot possibly do so, as I am too busily engaged in fighting prohibitionists, potato bugs and other parasites.

Yours truly,
DANIEL H. CREITZ,
Pres't of School Board."

HE KNEW A HORSE FROM A JACKASS.

The witness was old but not fangless.

"Are you a horse doctor?" was asked of him.

"I am not, sir; I do not even pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a great deal of the nature of the animal," he answered.

Lawyer: "That is to say, you know the difference between a horse and a jackass?"

Witness: "Exactly so, for instance, I would never take you for a horse."

THE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS' FUN DID NOT MATERIALIZE.

Reverend Dissinger had a confirmed prejudice against college-bred ministers, due to the fact that divers of the cloth had criticised him for using rude and inelegant language. One evening a half dozen theological students attended his church with a view of having a little amusement, but of this he was unconscious.

By sheer co-incident he preached on his favorite theme: "True Preachers and True Christians." He referred to college-bred ministers in uncomplimentary and sarcastic terms; he ridiculed and burlesqued them nigh unto death in his native vernacular. He talked about characterless and disreputable young men who would rather be in style than out of debt, not having Christianity enough in their heads to cover the point of a needle, entering the front door of a college and coming out at the rear end with a "Schaaf Haut," full-fledged ministers of God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, and then adding: "They are ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. In a thousand pounds of learning they have not an ounce of religion, and when they preach, the devil goes to sleep right in front of the pulpit and right under their eyes and noses, well knowing that his cause is perfectly safe in their hands.

The students, thinking that his remarks were aimed at them, got up and left in the middle of the sermon. He comprehended the situation, and as they walked out, he exclaimed. "Some have felt the cheese-knife; this is the way it goes in this world; there they go! when the tea-kettle boils over, then the cats and dogs get out from under the stove."

THERE IS A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN PEOPLE.

Young Willoughby Bote was indicted for housebreaking. He was tall and of athletic make, but intellectually he was weak, he was like the Indian,

he loved his enemies—rum, whiskey and tobacco—and drank with impunity or anybody else who invited him, and when under the influence of liquor, he was perfectly helpless. Coming home one night full of the ardent, he was between two fires, for if he had entered the front door he would have run against Scylla, his wife, and if he would have entered by the rear door he would have fallen into Charybdis, his mother-in-law, so he entered the cellar of his house, as he thought, and sneaking upstairs crawled under the bed. By mistake he had entered the house of his adjoining neighbor and was indicted for burglarious entry. He and his father consulted a lawyer. The old gentleman contended that his son was not guilty and that, when he entered his neighbor's house, he was so drunk that he didn't know what he was doing. He would always wind up his version of the affair by saying: "There is a great difference in people." Finally his lawyer asked him: "What do you mean by that?" "Well," says he, "when I am drunk, I know everything, but when my son Willoughby is drunk he don't know the difference between a toad and a whip-poor-will."

HE LEARNED HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO TRY A HOG ACTION.

He asked a prominent lawyer how much he would charge to try a hog action. The lawyer replied: "Oh, about twenty-five dollars." "Well, I am willing to

pay that," was the response. Says the lawyer: "Please give me the facts." "Well, I tell you, Mr. Stiles, my neighbor and I had a difficulty yesterday. Our farms adjoin and my hogs getting into his cornfield, he got mad and coming up to my house, he tried to lick me, but I struck him with a fence rail and killed him." "Oh," says Mr. Stiles, "for a hog action of that kind I charge a thousand dollars." And so he did, and got his money.

COLLAPSE OF A RURAL DEBATING SOCIETY WHICH MET WITH THE OBJECT OF SETTLING AT ONCE AND FOREVER THE QUESTION "IS THE CAT MORE VALUABLE THAN THE DOG."

The society had a long and prosperous career and in its halcyon days afforded a great deal of amusement as well as instruction to the young and old of Hill Low, where all the issues, isms and schisms were discussed and adjudicated. The language used was Pennsylvania German, in which all its members were highly proficient. Peace and harmony reigned for many years, but one evening trouble came. The rock upon which the society split was: "Is the cat more valuable than the dog?" The question was both interesting and exciting; it was discussed in an orderly manner until John Wahley, who was full of vitriol, took the floor, stirring up bad blood and causing a tumult, which threatened to end in a family fued equalling any in the land "where the corn

is full of kernels and the colonels full of corn." He was on the dog's side. In his violent vilification of the cat he forgot all about the dog. After having said many hard things about the cat he ventilated himself in this wise. "The cat is no good, all cats are bad and worthless.

"Was ist denn in einerer Katz'?
Es ist ja nichts in einer Katz',
Man kann sie ja nicht hetzen."

She keeps people awake at night and causes neighbors to quarrel. She is treacherous and is nothing less than a confounded deceitful animal, a common nuisance to society and ought to be cleaned out." He was followed by Bill Bohley, who could make as much noise to the square inch as any one in the township, and who was very fond of the sweet seducing charms of popular applause, and sailed into the dog with a rancorous fury. The question was in the hands of two referees, who agreed to disagree. An umpire was chosen by the name of Scholby, who had an opinion of his own of both the cat and the dog; the former had killed some of his spring chickens and the latter had worried some of his young lambs. Besides, he was always on the fence or on the wrong side of it, and loved speech-making as much as a fish loves water. He took the floor and pointed out some of the harrassing and brain-racking points involved in the proper solution of the question. He said: "As the matter stands

now, it is very much complicated and I do not see my way clear. If it be true what Wahley said against the cat, then we ought to decide in favor of the dog; but whatever he said depends upon what Bohley said in favor of the cat. But suppose they are both mistaken? Here is where the point comes in; there are two sides to this question. It is our duty to consider both sides and in that way get on the right side. If it is true what Wahley said against the cat, then we ought to decide in favor of the dog. But we must bear in mind that he has a revengeful feeling against all cats, because years ago a cat scratched out his pet dog's eyes; again, on the other hand, Bohley's dog killed his cat a few years ago. Well, what is to be done?" One of the referees sticking to the cat with tenacity, and the other to the dog with ferocity and the umpire in the meantime remaining on the fence as was his wont. No conclusion was reached and hence the question as to whether the cat or the dog is the more valuable animal is about in the same state of indecisiveness as is the question: "Did John Smith's barn burn down or burn up?" which was debated before the war by a New York debating society. The referees decided "*Yes it did.*" These inconclusive conclusions call to mind the result of the debating society of the colored people who met to solve the question: "Which am the mightiest, de sword or de pen?" After a long and spirited debate the report was: "De committee decide dat de

sword has de most points and de best backing, and dat de pen is de most beneficial, and dat de whole thing is about a stan' off." As these are three of the hefty and ponderous problems which our ancestors left unsolved, they are respectfully referred to the Daughters of the Revolution for final solution.

HE DELIVERED THE GOODS.

John Mohn was an energetic man with his mind's eye on the main chance. He reminded one of the little creature aptly described in these lines:

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour
And gather honey all the day from every opening flower."

A big meeting was to be held at his hotel. "All the world and the rest of mankind" were invited. He was particularly anxious to have his friend and lawyer the Hon. John D. Stiles present. He gave him a personal invitation and to make his attendance doubly sure, afterwards wrote him the following letter, which speaks for itself:

E—— T——, August 30, 1878.

Lawyer John D. Stiles, Esquire:

My Dear Sir:—Don't forget to come to my big Democratic meeting next Saturday and bring Senator Holben along. I will give you a good supper and won't charge you nothing. I will have for supper spring chickens and waffles, trout, eels, two brass bands and ground suckers.

So much from your friend

John Mohn.

HE HIT THE BULL'S EYE.

A legal luminary stepped into a room where a coterie of his acquaintances were engaged in social converse. He was pompous and very imperious in his manner. He was recognized as the champion inheritor in his county. He was asked, "Where did you get that hat?" "I bought it and paid for it," was his curt reply. The inquisitor retorted by saying: "Is that possible? I had thought perhaps you had inherited it," his friend rejoined.

THE BEST WAY OF GETTING INTO A TRAP IS TO WALK RIGHT INTO IT.

A young corporal of the civil war whilst out on a foraging expedition managed to swipe a half dozen chickens. On his return to camp he entered a house by the wayside where he found a lady to whom he offered three of the chickens if she would clean and cook the other three for him. This proposition was accepted and carried out. Twenty years thereafter he made a tour over his old camping ground. He called at the house and found the lady who had cleaned and cooked the chickens for him. He introduced himself, but she had no recollection of him until he mentioned the chicken affair. Then she remembered all about him. She ejaculated "Are you the soldier that brought those chickens here?" "Yes I am the identical fellow, as

sure as huckleberries grow on huckleberry bushes," he answered. She cried out loudly, "Julia, Julia, come out here quickly—your papa is here!" No plummet could sound the depth of his chagrin, and it made him think of the best plan of removing himself from a world of troubles.

THE PREACHER WAS AN OPTIMIST AND HIS FLOCK PESSIMISTS.

During Reverend M. P.'s ministration in a rural district the wheat crop was seriously injured by lice. The farmers were brimful of sorrow and dismay, complained bitterly, and hung their heads at half-mast, looking as though they never could be happy evein in heaven. When he preached his harvest sermon, the aspect of his audience was gloomy and the prospects of a good collection, in which the parson was most vitally interested, dismayingly unpropitious. Everything was what is known in mechanics at a dead centre.

He tried to cheer them up, extracting all the sunbeams out of the state of affairs he could, saying amongst other things: "Do not complain and do not hang your heads and mourn, as though you were at a funeral, but be cheerful, be happy and even thankful! Thank the Lord from the bottom of your hearts, that the voracious lice have not eaten you instead of the wheat."

EVEN SMALL FAVORS ARE THANKFULLY ACCEPTED

Mr. Abelheimer was always in a good humor at a feast. He was very bulky, weighing over four hundred pounds. He was a member in good standing of a volunteer fire company, whose hospitality he always enjoyed with relish and enthusiasm. At one of the annual celebrations he became very much fatigued. Two of his faithful comrades took him home, and they landed him on the settee in a helpless and unpresentable condition. One of them said to his wife, by way of apology: "We have brought your husband home and we hope, you will take no offense." She replied in good German: "Oh durchaus gar nicht, meine Herren, entschuldigen Sie sich nicht! Fuer gewoehnlich ist man doch dankbar fuer ein Kleines Stueck Wurst, warum sollte man sich nicht bedanken fuer ein ganzes Schwein." Oh my, no! No offence at all, Gentlemen; the custom is, to thank a person for a small piece of sausage, why should not one be thankful for a whole hog?

HE WAS SHOCKED.

Ebenezer Paulus was a man of vigor and had a way of expressing his thoughts in a plain manner, never omitting swears, nor was his wife much of a sweet scented violet although they sailed along together quite smoothly. He and his neighbors were

more or less superstitious. One of their peculiar habitudes was in case of a severe thunder storm or any phenomenal occurrence to lay a loaf of bread upside down on the table and stick a knife into it, and then read the Bible. In 1833 when there was a great shower of meteors, and it may be remarked that no kite in a dove cote ever caused a greater flurry among the rural people than they did, he happened to be outside, and seeing the heavens lighted up with innumerable fiery leonids, he jumped to the conclusion that heaven and earth were going to mingle and that he and his fellow sinners were billed for the land of Nod, he rushed to the house and called his wife, who happened to be up stairs, crying at the top of his voice "Polly! Polly!" come down quick and get the Bible, the world is coming to an end." "You big calf, don't you know that we have no Bible in the house," she answered. "What!" he exclaimed, "No Bible in the house, we have kept house together for twenty years and no Bible, what kind of a morocco condemned family is this anyhow?"

NO LOST TIME.

He was what is known among the Pennsylvania Germans a "Zimmermann." He was the boss and what ever he said was a go. One day whilst high up on the scaffolding he lost his balance and came down helter shelter and landed with a thud

on the hard ground. His comrades rushed up fearing that he had been killed. After he got out of the dust and debris he pretended and even seemed to be all right. Many inquiries were made of him as to his injuries, which were expected to be fatal, but he finally drawled out in a sad voice "well it is all right—because I had to come down for nails anyhow."

DIVISION OF OPINION.

Some years ago, when lawyers were bigger than their clients, an important case was tried in one of the courts near the Delaware river. The plaintiff attempted to impeach the veracity of an ex-associate judge who had never been much in love with the truth, but still he would once in a while tell it as some people lie, off and on. He could turn his word, oath and faith as many ways as in a lathe. Mr. Taylor was called to do him up. He was a plain, stern, resolute individual, not given to hair splitting and truth choking, but delighted to tell the truth and shame the devil. He was well acquainted with the judge and his neighbors. He was asked: "Do you know the judge? Do you know other people who know him?" These questions were answered in the affirmative. "What do the people say about him in regard to his telling the truth?" he was asked: "I have my own opinion; I don't care what the people say." "That won't do; you must tell

what the people say about him," interjected the lawyer. Without any ducking or making any nice distinctions and fine differentiations, he answered: "Well, there is a division of opinion; one-half of the people say that he is a damned rascal, and the other half say that he is a damned liar."

The court told him that he was using improper language. "Judge, I can't help it, I have been sworn to tell the truth and you have got it."

GIVE HIM A PENSION.

Two country attorneys had gone to one of the metropolitan cities of these great United States on business, and after they got through, they dropped into a court room, where an important case was being tried. The presiding judge was a man of impressive appearance and apparently very attentive to his responsible duties writing all the time, seemingly noting down everything that was said and done. One of the attorneys remarked to his companion: "That is surely a careful and painstaking judge; see, he takes down everything." The companion replied: "I venture to say that nothing escapes his attention, I wish we had a judge like that; that is the way a judge ought to be." By and by the busy judge called a tipstaff, handing him a long sheet of paper written full from top to bottom. After this he rested and took no further interest in the proceedings. It subsequently transpired that he had written out a menu for his afternoon dinner.

ANOTHER GOOD SUBJECT FOR A PENSION.

A dispute arose as to what a witness had said. The presiding judge was appealed to, to settle the question. He had seen his lay-associate scribbling and scribing and remarked: "I have taken no notes, but my associate can no doubt help us out of the quandary, for he has been taking notes." He looked up in surprise and said: "I have not been taking down evidence." The presiding judge rejoined: "You have been writing busily all the time." "Oh no; I have not been writing, I have just been making a Gaul." (A horse.)

A SUDDEN DROP FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

Some years ago a widow brought an action against her son, who was his father's devisee, for damages for refusing to cut her oven wood under the provision of the will known among Germans as "Ausbehalt" which required John to furnish his mother with oven wood without stating expressly that he should cut it.

Plaintiffs attorney was always loud and pathetic in his pleas and made it his particular point to work upon the feelings of the jurors and generally succeeded in making the faucets of their emotions work. He talked eloquently and long about the injunction "honor thy father and thy mother" in general and

about the filial duties of a son to his aged mother in particular, but all of a sudden he veered about and pointing his finger at the defendant, yelled at the top of his voice, "And here is her lousy son John refusing to cut her oven wood."

John was a used-up man, looking almost as pitiful as the fellow who had been experimented upon by an inventor of health food and a substitute for coffee.

HE STOOD BY SAINT JACOB.

Mr. Henninger was a rural blacksmith with sense as hard as his fists. He was healthy, but now and then and every once in a while was pestered with rheumatism, but of this he complained very little, for he had a notion that it shut out all other complaints and diseases not giving them any chance to operate upon one's system. Saint Jacob's oil was the only remedy he used. He never hitched his wagon to a shooting star. One day he was called upon by a patent medicine agent, who condemned Saint Jacob's oil as a fraud. Henninger was not willing to change his old mumpsimus for the agent's new sumpsimus and answered him by saying, "Oh well, that may all be so, but if it does not do me any good I am sure that it will do Saint Jacob good.

THE SCOTCHMAN GOT LEFT.

He and an Irishman killed a quail. It was agreed that the one who would have the most pleasant dream should have it. Next morning the Scotchman said: "I dreamed that angels were drawing me up to heaven in a basket and I was never before so happy." Pat replied: "Be Jabers, I saw you going and I thought you wouldn't come back so I got up and ate the quail."

NO REGULAR FIGHT.

Many years ago one of Berks county's young lads migrated to Chicago. He was a strongly timbered chap and by no means lobbish. One day he locked horns with one of the boys of the windy city. He was arrested and tried for assault and battery. Before he went into court he employed a lawyer who asked him, "did you have a fight?" "Oh no, no regular fight," he answered. At the trial the prosecutor testified that he had been knocked down five times. This was news to the lawyer. When he was placed on the stand he gave an unvarnished tale of the whole scrimmage. Says he: "That fellow sitting over there told me that he could lick me. I told him that was a game that two could play at. He told me that I was a Dutch sour-kraut-eater from Pennsylvania. I didn't care about that. Then he said I was a liar and a runaway, and I didn't care

about that either. But then he called me a Dutch *son* of a *bit*, and then I knocked him down four or five times; it may have been five times, I am not sure about that, but we had no regular fight; I only knocked him down four or five times. The judge leaned over towards the boy and asked, "My young man, what do you mean by saying, "we had no regular fight?" "I will tell you, judge; I come from Berks county, Penna., and when we fight there we take off our hats, cravats, coats and jackets, and tie our suspenders around our waists, and then fight until one hollers enough; this is what we call a regular fight. But I and that fellow over there had no regular fight; I only knocked him down four or five times. We do not count this a regular fight. We call it no fight at all." The presiding judge was highly pleased to learn what a regular fight was in Old Berks, and it is very evident that he had a warm side for the young Dutchman, for he left the decision of the *law* and the facts to the jury who after a short deliberation rendered a verdict of "No Regular Fight."

THEY STOPPED VOTING FOR HIM.

Adiew was a man of means, a good citizen and one that "feared God and eschewed evil," and no one could say aught against him, except that he tried to get into the Pennsylvania Legislature to make laws,

not knowing that law is uncertain and politics utterly vain. His mind was a little green in political log-rolling, hardly dry from his baptism. In truth and fact he was raised up as a sacrificial candidate for the benefit of another. The nominating convention was a highly spirited one from the word go. After being out of the race, he wended his way homeward. He was asked: "Wer ist genominated?" "Der Albright fer judge und der Holben fer Senator."

"Wie stehst du?" was asked.

"Sell is en schwere fraag zu antworten; sie hen zweh mohl rum gestimmt und an der zwehte rounds hen sie gestoppt fer mich zu stimme und noh bin ich fort; was die convention jetzt duht, wehs ich nicht."

"Who is nominated?" "Albright for judge and Holben for senator."

"How do you stand?" was asked.

"That is a hefty question to answer; they voted twice and on the second round they stopped voting for me, then I left for home; what the convention will do now, I do not know."

HE HAD GENUINE HORSE SENSE.

Jimmie Beeker was a Pennsylvania German and a soldier during the late civil war. He was strong and as brave as a lion. He had a well developed nasal resonance. One day whilst he was on guard one belonging to his regiment attempted to pass him

without the countersign. A heated controversy in Pennsylvania German followed. Finally Jimmie threw his musket away, pulled off his coat and put himself in a fighting attitude and declared, "now come along if you dare!" At this juncture the colonel came along and he asked in strong tones, "Why in hell, Jimmie, did you throw away your musket for?" "Colonel, the other day the rebels shot two hundred of our men and why in hell and damnation should I shoot this fellow when I can lick him so?" he rejoined.

THE USES OF A GUARDIAN.

Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, frequently illustrates a point when addressing political meetings by telling the story of a neighbor regarded by those who knew him, as half-witted. The fellow was so silly, indeed, in his general conduct that a guardian was appointed to care for him. One day he engaged in a horse-sale, and disposed of an animal utterly worthless. The purchaser of the horse, when he examined the bargain, waxed wroth, stormed and fretted, and demanded that he be given his money back, but was received with derisive laughter.

"Very well, then!" he roared. "I'll go to your guardian, and tell him how you have swindled me."

"Go ahead!" retorted the zany. "What good will that do you? He was appointed to see that I am not swindled—not to see that I don't swindle others."—*Tales Worth Telling.*

ICHIEF JUSTICE CHASE AND THE NEGRO.

"He was having an overcoat lined with coon's fur," writes Mr. Perkins, "when the negro tailor suggested that the coat would be warmer if the fur were put outside."

"My experience has convinced me," said the justice, "that fur is warmer when it is worn inside of the garment, and I never could understand why the coon doesn't wear his fur that way."

"You would know if you were a coon," said Sambo.

"Why?" asked the justice.

"Because if you were a coon you would have more sense," he answered.

SHE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN SO BADLY SCARED AS SHE PRETENDED TO BE.

She had a tub and when walking along a lonely highway she met a young man with a pig in his arms. She almost went into hysterics and exclaimed: "Oh my goodness? I am afraid you will attack me." "How can I attack you with this pig in my arms?" he asked. She sighed and cried: "Yes, I know that, but you might put your pig into my tub and then attack me."

A GREAT CAKE-WALK.

Lately the colored aristocracy of the queen city and rival towns had an exciting cake-walk contest. When the time for decision came, there was a tumult and blandishing of razors by the contestants. The presiding officer was up to date, full-grown and well seasoned, and knowing that there was trouble brewing, he proposed to submit the question of superiority to the large and hilarious audience, "the community at large," as he expressed it, instead of the judges, so as to avoid all semblance of partiality, and this was accordingly done. The audience yelled "Yes" and "No" promiscuously with vim and vigor sufficiently loud to scare a band of pirates. The chairman, finding his good intentions painfully unappreciated in the bosom of his own kith and kin, took the bull by the horns and declared: "Ladies and gentlemen, it am appears to the chairman that the community at large am prejudiced against both parties."

This was followed by hurrahs and then the audience scattered, and the incident was closed without the loss of a button or the effusion of a single drop of precious blood.

DEMOCRATIC LIES.

Tradition has it that during one of Old Hickory Jackson's administrations the people of an anti-Jackson stronghold celebrated the glorious Fourth in an

old-fashioned way. Three orators were on hand to whoop up things, one of whom was from Berks county who was strongly suspected (and rightly so) of being a Democrat. Many muttered murmurs because they "feared a fear" that he might say something that the rank and file would not relish, and in order to put him out of harm's way they got him to read the Declaration of Independence. The affair was a howling success and satisfactory to all. The orators were highly eulogized by all except one who remarked: "Yes, it was a great celebration and I enjoyed it very much except what that fellow from Berks county read from a book; those were nothing but a long string of damned foolish Democratic Lies."

THE PIOUS DOMINIE EVENED UP THINGS WITH MAYOR JONES.

An aged eccentric baptist minister, who was gathered to his fathers years ago, would now and then go out on the streets in the evening and sing some of his favorite religious hymns. His name was always mentioned with respect and reverence and was not obsequious to the sinful man of wealth and power, and possessed the gentle art of hitting back. Mayor Jones was perniciously particular and ordered his chief to forbid the holy man from singing on the streets. He submitted to the order imposed upon him, but on the following Sunday after he had

ascended the pulpit, he gave vent to his pent-up thoughts by praying loud and long and said amongst other things: "Oh my good Lord, Thou knowest what Mayor Jones has done against your humble servant. Good Lord, I pray Thee to take Mayor Jones by the hair on the top of his head and lift him up and hold him over the hottest place in hell and let him look down so that the poor miserable sinner may see the great danger he is in, and so that he may refrain from his wicked ways and be saved from being cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. Amen."

THE BULL HAD TO TRAVEL ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE AND OBEY THE RULES OF THE COMPANY.

Not many years ago a company built a railroad through the farm of Mr. Mooney, who gave the land for nothing, because he wanted the road. One day his bull got on the road, was run over and killed.

The farmer sued the company, claiming that inasmuch as he had given the land for nothing, the bull had a right to travel on the road. The president of the company replied: "We got the land for nothing, and Mr. Mooney's bull has a right to travel on our road, but he must travel according to schedule and obey the rules of the company."

COUSIN EZEKIEL WAS A GOOD MAN IN HIS PLACE.

He and Solomon were cousins; the former was more amiable than able and not polished up to date on intricate business complications, but the latter was possessed of well developed business instincts. Both were directors of a big iron corporation. They were appointed a committee to compromise the claim of a litigious and law-defying farmer whose love of right was for himself, and who and the arithmetic always disagreed. Solomon objected to his colleague without giving a reason; the truth having been that he wanted a sharp associate, well knowing that to eat soup with the devil successfully, a fellow has to have a big spoon with a long handle. On being pressed for the reason of his objection he remarked: "My cousin Ezekiel is a very good man in his place; he is perfectly honest and an excellent man to sign a receipt for a dividend after it's made, but he ain't worth a tinker's dam to make it."

JOHNNY, AFTER HE HAD SINNED AWAY HIS MERCIES, BAMBOOZLED AND HOAXED THE OLD MAN.

A country lad, who had been spoiled at his mother's apron strings, was sent to New York to finish his education. He was soon initiated into the very best society, studying little and learning neither to shoot nor to root. The ebb of his finances soon ran low and his papa refusing to send him any more money,

he wended his way homeward. He liked and enjoyed city life and he left no stone unturned to induce his father to furnish him the wherewithal. But the old gentleman was deaf to all his pleadings. At last a bright idea struck the young fellow to raise the wind, showing the truth of the saying that "where there is a will, there is a way."

The family had a fine dog by the name of Wasser, which was a great favorite. "Father," said the son, "there is a school in New York, where smart dogs are taught to talk." The father was astounded. Tuition and incidentals were at once estimated, the money paid and the boy and Wasser went to New York. The money was soon spent in riotous living and he sent for more cash, telling his father that Wasser was making rapid progress. More money was furnished which also soon took wings. The boy returned home without dear Wasser. Papa asked: "Johnny, where is our Wasser?" Johnny called his papa behind the wagon-shed and whispered to him: "Papa, Wasser was a great talker and whilst we were crossing the Hudson river he jumped on my lap and asked me all sorts of questions and finally asked me: "Is the old man still courting Sallie, the hired girl?" This made me so mad, that I threw him into the river and drowned him." "Johnny," the father said, "that was exactly right; what a shocking rumpus he might have caused in my family. Johnny, keep mum."

THE PLAINTIFF HAD A COMPARATIVE REPUTATION FOR VERACITY.

The young man knew enough, but he was continually at war with the truth, to such an extent that he would lie up to the hearing of the gods. But every dog has his bay as well as his day. In a civil case he testified in his own behalf and the soundness of his veracity was assailed. Esquire Hakes, who was a man of much dignity and a vast amount of pomposity, but no toad eater, was called on the witness stand and was asked: "What is the plaintiff's reputation for veracity?" He answered: "Well, he has a kind of a comparative reputation." He was asked: "What do you mean by a comparative reputation?" The witness braced up and putting on as many airs as are found in a first-class hand-organ, said: "I must explain; for instance, if a half dozen young men are together and one tells a big lie, one or the other will say. 'you are almost as big a liar as Harry Willots is.'" It seems the plaintiff was the common standard, by which all liars in his vicinage were gauged.

THE DOCTOR THOUGHT HE COULD PULL THE OLD MAN THROUGH.

A certain quack doctor went out West. His success as an Esculapian can be inferred from his report of his latest case on his return to his old friends.

He was asked: "Well, doctor, how do you get along?" "Very well, old boy, considering all things," he rejoined. "Any cases?" "Oh yes, quite many." "What kind of cases have you, Doc.?" "The last was one of confinement." "How did you succeed?" "Fairly well, considering all the circumstances, the child is dead and the mother is dead, too, but I think I can pull the old man through."

ON DIT.

Rev. Moses Dissinger was a genuine optimist, although very emphatic at all times and in all things. One day whilst in the midst of his peroration of an eloquent sermon the old pulpit against the wall gave way. At first his flock didn't know what had become of their good flock master, but he soon emerged from the debris without the loss of a button and ejaculated: "Meine lieben Leute, Gott sei dank, dass es nicht in die Hölle gegangen ist."

HE WAS ON THE SIDE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND DID NOT IMITATE THE WEATHER-COCK, REMAINING SILENT AND TURNING WITH THE WIND.

Uncle Andreas had a grist-mill and when the water was slack he was not in the best of humor and cared little about drawing the gate. He was not a noisy man, but at the same time he was never known to bow to a patron's insolence. He was honest and

independent and would rather sit on a pumpkin alone than be crowded on a velvet cushion. When left alone he was like Saint John, full of love, but when offended, like Saint Peter, full of fire.

Mr. Smith was a rich farmer and his patronage was worth considerable. They had a harmony-break. Smith relented and he told his hired man to take a load of grain to uncle Andreas' mill and to tell him that if he would attend again to his business as he had in former years, he would have all his grain ground at his mill. After the grain was unloaded the boy delivered his message. Uncle Andreas replied with an emphasis of independence: "My boy, you tell Mr. Smith, when you get home, that I said that since General George Washington fought this country free, everybody can have his grist ground wherever he pleases."

THE CALAMITOUS EFFECT OF TURNING THE CRANK IN THE WRONG WAY.

The venerable reverend Mr. Joheiloe Kirchenthal Guckenheimersöhnemeister, a veteran genius, after much arduous labor and sleepless nights, succeeded in completing his wonderful fish-bone extracting contrivance. The device consisted of a fine rubber tube and a very delicate and complex machinery, which was inserted in one of the ends of the tube with a tiny crank on the outside. The end of the

tube containing the exquisite machine was placed into the mouth and the other end was run out through the window or door leading into the back yard. The fish with the bones was taken into the mouth and then the wee crank was turned. By this process the bones were separated from the meat and forced through the tube into the back yard and the boneless meat of the fish went into the stomach. This worked charmingly. But somehow one day there was a mishap. The inventor gave an exhibition of the operation of his wonderful machine with disastrous results. It occurred in this wise: The man who worked the crank was left-handed and, of course, turned it in the wrong way, and the consequence was that instead of the bones being ejected through the tube, they were driven down the man's throat and the meat was forced through the tube into the back yard.

HE WAS NO BIGOT.

A Hebrew changed his residence, and when asked by one of his former neighbors how he liked his new home, answered, "Very well, indeed." "Many Christians in your neighborhood?" was asked. "Yes some, but there are not enough of them to make the place objectionable," he rejoined with a sigh of relief.

THE COMMUNITY AT LARGE WAS AGAINST HIM.

Pete Schwefelbrenner, which was his trade mark, was in his younger days the most famous Pennsylvania German orator. He represented the colored people, and the American eagle, and when under its wings he had but few equals in making that bald-headed bird scream. In 1856 he tried to enlighten the Democrats of a small village in Lehigh county where the atmosphere was very unsalubrious for an abolitionist. The best people had prophesied that his rally and the end would end at the same time. He charged Buchanan in a general way with all the sins denounced in the Decalogue and with a great many others not enumerated in that comprehensive document. But he failed dismally in pumping enthusiasm into his hearers. A big Dutchman, more or less inspired, was sitting on the edge of the platform with his feet dangling down, and getting tired of his oratorical yanking and capers, looked up and asked: "Well, what in hell and damnation did Buchanan do? Did he vomit in his bosom?" This enthused the crowd; the Dutchman was shouldered and carried into the bar-room and the whole gang followed cheering and hurrahing. The orator sank down like a cow in a quagmire, without saying good bye, so long, or go to gehenna.

"HEAT NOT A FURNACE FOR YOUR FOE SO HOT THAT IT DO SINGE YOU."

The burly and bulky militia captain was never known to have been plagued by his conscience. He had a malicious tongue and foible of excessive inflammability of temper, and delighted to invoke a tempest. He was careless in his habits, and his toilet was by no means irreproachable. He and a few of his friends were sued before an alderman. He got as mad as a defeated candidate for office and ventured to scarify the plaintiff's lawyer, but in doing so he barked up the wrong tree and attained the result of the ass who had borrowed a lion's skin. After he had saturated the counsel with all kinds and sorts of scurrilous and vile epithets, the lawyer turned on him by saying, "Captain, if you would be thoroughly scrubbed and washed, be shaved cleanly, have your hair cut, put on a freshly boiled shirt and a new suit you would make a pretty decent looking hog." The captain wilted and looked more like an expiring calf lying in the meadow grass than a hero of Billingsgate. Had he had half as much foresight as hindsight he would not have opened his mouth to get his foot into it.

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN POLITICAL METEOR WANTED ONLY ONE FOOT IN THE COURT HOUSE.

Col. Felty was a young lawyer with a vast amount of ambition to become a star in the political firmament and with an inordinate craving for office. He was not particular in his choice, but awfully anxious. Though young, his mind was, politically speaking, pretty well seasoned, and he was courageous, not afraid to say boo to a goose. He was thoroughly American in that he had a strong instinct to get ahead of everybody else. In fine, he was completely puffed up with political ambition, so that he could scarcely contain himself, and excessively fond of saying his say,

> "For he at any time would hang
> For the opportunity to harangue."

And, by the way, a man with weak lungs had no business with him. If he had not been created there would have been a missing link in the generality of the Pennsylvania Germans. He knew that it was a hard thing to be a patriot without a government job, and that a politician without an office is like a cat without claws and that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. He would not put his candle into a skull or under a bushel. He believed in free speech and free wind and in the constitutional right of being heard on all occasions and under all circumstances. He had an earnest purpose and aim, following the ad-

vice of the Hon. Hoopolong Thompson: "Dat aim should be as fixed as de hinges on a hen-house door. De man dat keeps takin' hold and lettin' go again, nebber pulls de limb far enuff to reach de persimmons." He first essayed to become county solicitor. He had a strong rival, who had the smiling countenance of the powers that be. He pressed his claims with vigor and pleaded with tears in his voice: "Just let me have one foot in the Court House." He was defeated but not dismayed. His motto was: "Dum spiro, spero." He was like a cork and could not be kept down, for he was a good man,

> "That a good man can not be kept down
> Is true beyond assail;
> It was proven many years ago
> With Jonah and the whale."

He changed his base of operations and tactics. When he found that he could not get an office by fawning and coaxing the nepotists, he became aggressive and carried the war into Africa. He put in what the doctors call "a counter-irritant" and appealed to the people, and when he pleaded the cause of the down-trodden, you could expect the devil from him. He delivered some of his choicest blows. At the next county meeting he and his friends were in evidence with a club, against the Court House ring, which was popular among the outs, who were as numerous as the Pennsylvania judges and ex-judges are at the New Jersey summer resorts during the

mosquito season. He had a resolution introduced that the one-term principle in office should be the rule of the party. This was popular and caused consternation among the officeholders and their friends. He was unlike the baptist minister, who unprepared, opened his mouth and trusted in Providence to fill it; he was loaded to the muzzle and ready for business. He was naturally able to produce the maximum of enthusiasm and excitement with a minimum of capital. His text was: "Geb em Felty auch Eppes."

He spoke with the Pennsylvania German tongue, talking loud enough for any one to hear with a single pair of ears, making it black and blue for the anti-rotationists, and he soon had his friends launched on the seething sea of excitement and enthusiasm. He was unlike the colored parson, who, after having announced his text remarked: "I have divided my sermon into three parts: First, my text; second, my conclusion, and third, whooping up things, but as the weather am very hot, I will drop the first two and proceed to the whooping-up part." Col. Felty omitted none of the divisions of his text, although the whooping-up was the most forcible and exciting. He referred to the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, the battles of Bunker Hill, Yorktown, General Jackson at New Orleans and the nobility of labor, converting sweetness into bitterness and nourishment into poison. He talked about every-

thing a man could think of. He had much to say about our revolutionary forefathers, the Declaration of Independence and the ghost of departed wisdom. He pitched into soulless corporations, rings and ringsters. He referred to the potato bugs, army worms, Rocky Mountain locusts, weevils, egg-sucking dogs and millionaires. He talked about the war and the services he rendered as a private soldier and his sufferings when he was lying on his back with a rebel bullet in his leg on the bloody cornfield at Attietam. By this time he had his friends launched on a high mountain and at the boiling point and his enemies running to the tall trees, sweating drops of sweat as large as sour-cherrystones.

And after having promised in the name of the bird of liberty and rotation every poor Democrat an office, he concluded by saying, in substance: I am against bosses and bossism and voracious corporations ("grosse rachgierische Corporationen.") I am in favor of the poor laboring man; my heart bleeds for the poor down-trodden laborer; for those working on farms, in ore-beds, stone-quarries, furnaces and boiler-shops, earning their livelihood by the sweat of their brows. I am in favor of giving Felty something too, and not continue rich ringsters and bosses in office forever. Geb em Felty auch Eppes! is my motto. Let us have rotation in office, as well as in crops. One term of three years is long enough. Take our Recorder for instance. He has held this fat

office for nearly three years and he wants it for three years longer, making six years. After that his oldest son, one of his deputies, will want it for six years, making twelve years; then his second son, who is also one of his deputies, will want it for six years, making eighteen years, and his youngest son, who is also one of his deputies, will want it for six years, making twenty-four years. By the end of this time we poor Democrats, old saddle horses and "hewers of wood and drawers of water," will all be in heaven. The Recorder and his three sons have now been in office not quite three years, and yet they are already as fat as ground hogs in the midst of the red clover-season and as sleek as little eels; let us turn out these old rats; let us not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. "Geb dem kleinen Säuchen auch etwas zu fressen, sonst bleibt es immer klein." Don't compel the poor Democrats to turn the crank all the time. Equal rights to all and special privileges to none is my motto!

> Weh den Städten und dem Land,
> Wo aufgeblasene Beamte nehmen die Ueberhand!

Give poor Felty also a chance to hold his little hatchet on the grindstone. Turn about is fair play, in other words, geb dem Felty auch eppes. By this time the calcimine of gloom had spread over the anti-rotationists who were about ripe for the undertaker. The rotation resolution was passed with a loud and long hurrah. He and his friends were winged with

joy. But an unexpected and unlooked for complication set in to mar his rejoicings. He had raked up a fire that was hard to rake out.

The Recorder, who was a candidate for renomination, had taken him to the county meeting in his private carriage, refused to take him along home. The Recorder was wrathy, chewing the cud of revenge and breathing eloquent curses, but Colonel Felty was adequate to the situation.

He was a foxy fox and could turn a sharp corner and sidestep any issue that might be sprung on him and would attempt, in case of necessity, to convince a fellow that a horse chestnut was a chestnut horse. He made an explanation which was perfectly satisfactory; he convinced him that the rotation resolution did not effect his candidacy, inasmuch as he had been nominated and elected under the old Constitution, the new Constitution of 1873 had then just been adopted. The Recorder was placated and expressed his delight to have the honor of taking Col. Felty along home. What the old or new Constitution had to do with the rotation resolution is not very diaphanous to some minds; but in love, politics and war all things are fair and

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

TOO MUCH DUTCH.

A bevy of jack-a-dandies with fuzzy-wuzzy faces and summer girls with their dresses cut off above, sojourned a few days where the inhabitants were all very highly proficient in the Pennsylvania German tongue. They liked the cooking, they relished the victuals, they enjoyed the invigorating atmosphere. In fact, they could stomach all except the language, which they hated. "Too much Dutch here, there and everywhere," was the common voice. Finally they packed up and went to the depot, where they heard some more Dutch; "too much Dutch," was heard from every one. After they had been snugly seated in the car, two men with dinner pails came in talking Dutch. "To much Dutch!" was the chorus of the coterie. One of the men said: "My young friends, when you go away from home again, you go to hell, where you won't hear any Dutch."

HIS GUARANTY WAS FULFILLED.

He was a young man somewhat unsophisticated, but with his mind's eye on business. He was engaged as a canvasser for a daily paper; he called on a village undertaker for an advertisement, who had scruples as to the propriety of advertising his business in a newspaper and finally flatly declined the proposition. This did not dismay the young solicitor and he proposed to guarantee a good case inside

of three weeks if he would give him an ad. for his paper. This was an argument that argued, and he replied, "All right, sir." A few days before the three weeks had passed the inexperienced young canvasser called again and engaged him to take charge of his late mother-in-law's funeral. After this the sensitive undertaker had no more scruples to advertise his business in a public newspaper.

HIS MOTTO WAS "RIGHT IS RIGHT AND WRONG IS NOBODY."

The Hon. Peter Newhard was a Pennsylvania German of unassuming pretentions with stalwart convictions. His Democracy was pure and undefiled and warranted to wash all the year round. He was an ardent adherent of Gen. Jackson. Congress refused during his service to refund the thousand dollar fine imposed upon him at New Orleans by Justice Hall for contempt of court in disobeying a writ of habeas corpus, and which had been paid by him, justifying their course on the ground that they had a right to do so. Mr. Newhard asked one of his fellow-members: "Why don't you give General Jackson his money?" "It is our privilege to withhold it," was the curt reply. He braced up and with a voice filled with patriotic indignation said: "It may be your privilege, but it is a damned mean principle."

DIETZ'S FUNERAL.

Dietz's funeral did not take place, because the old gentleman did not die on the day the doctors had prognosticated. Some say that it did not come off because they could not get any Kalbfleisch, which was an indispensable article on such occasions in his day and generation. But this is a mistake. The facts are these: Jesse Dietz was ill nigh unto death. His children visited him on a Sunday. The doctors, after a careful and learned examination, concluded that their patient would yield up the ghost before the rising of next morning's sun.

The country was new, the snow deep and the roads drifted. The children, before they left for their homes, held a consultation and fixed the following Wednesday for the funeral. On that day they returned and lo! they found the old gentleman hale and hearty standing on the porch, smoking his pipe. Hence no funeral and the expression: "Es ist zu nichts gegangen, wie's Dietz'a Leicht."

THE COLORED PARSON SIZED HIM UP.

At a camp meeting he breathed eloquent curses against the devil and declared: "Brethren, the devil is a big hog and one of these days he will come along and root you niggars all out." One of those who was on the anxious bench cried out, "Oh Lord, ring him! ring him!"

THE GERMAN HUCKSTER GOT HIS SCHMIERKÆSE AND LATWERGE MIXED UP.

Old Stoneback was a veteran huckster who plied his vocation in Eastern Pennsylvania several generations ago. He had a tub full of Schmierkäse (cottage-cheese) and one containing Latwerge (apple-butter), and but one ladle. He dipped out Schmierkäse to one customer and to another Latwerge with the same ladle. This operation went on all right for awhile, but finally his stock in trade got so badly mixed up, that he could not tell which was the Schmierkäse or Latwerge—the Latwerge or the Schmierkase.

HE GOT A FREE PASS.

He had worked for the company nearly all his life-time. He desired to go West on a visit and applied to the president of the company for a free pass which was refused. He pleaded that he had served the company faithfully for many years, and that the stars had frowned and not smiled upon him. But he was told that he had been paid in full, and that the company was under no obligation whatever to give him a free pass. Says the president: "Suppose you had worked for a farmer for many years and he had paid you in full and you would ask him for his team to go West without paying anything, do you think he would give you

the team?" After a little digestion and cogitation he drawled out: "Well, perhaps not, but if I had served him faithfully for many years and he was going West with his team, and if he had room for me, and I would ask him to take me along, and he would refuse to do so, I would say that he was a damned mean farmer."

HIS TRIAL SERMON WAS NOT A SUCCESS.

He exerted his best efforts, but his sermon lacked both ginger and cinnamon and of course the impression he created was unfavorable, yet one of the old ladies wept from the beginning to the end of his discourse.

He no doubt thought he had made a hit and that the sorrow stricken lady was a good post to tie to. He asked her the cause of her tribulation. She forbore at first to unload her cause of grief, but on being pressed she said: "Well, my dear minister, I will tell you; ten years ago my husband died leaving a will, providing, that our good old mule should be well taken care of. A few weeks ago he died and when I heard your voice I was reminded of the dear old creature and I could not refrain from crying."

THE AMATEUR BUTCHER.

He was not an experienced butcher, but he soon learned that the great majority of his customers were partial to steaks, and the demand for them far exceeded his supply. One day in buying cattle his business eye lighted on a huge fat bull, which had been out of the arena for a long time. It was frankly suggested to him by the dealer, that two young, sleek steers might be relished more by his customers than the huge bull. But he had "the front of his mind" on the bull and after having taken a good side view of the animal, remarked: "Yes sir, this is just the beef I want, you see, I can cut steaks from the horns to the tail." In due time he heard from his patrons in general and from the women in particular. The prophetic curses of Elijah upon the heads of Ahab and Jezebel were mild affairs compared with their maledictions.

THE INTERPLETER WAS IN A QUANDARY.

When the late General Geary, who claimed that he was so full of rebel bullets that he could not dance, was on his electioneering tour, he stopped at the Eagle Hotel in Allentown, where he received his friends with open arms. He was tall, pompous and dignified. Mr. King, who was a very diminutive Pennsylvania German, and hard of hearing,

with a trumpet to his ear, was introduced to him as one of the stanch and prominent Republican farmers of Little Lehigh. A few days before one of his neighbors by the name of Geary had hanged himself. He asked the General in German: "Are you related to this Geary who hung himself a few days ago out here in a barn?" The chaperon of Mr. King had some difficulty in silvering over the question of the stanch and prominent Republican farmer, so as not to offend the dignity of the dignified General.

A SORT OF HOBSON'S CHOICE.

Many years ago the voters of one of the grand old parties in a certain township were in a hopeless minority; they were few and far between. At an election one of the minority party went to the poll and offered his vote at the same time saying, "I am told that you do not allow persons of my party to vote here; is that so?" "That is a slander on our party; you and all of you can vote here, provided you vote our ticket," one of the leaders of the majority party rejoined.

BLOOD AND REVENGE WERE HAMMERING IN HIS HEAD, THOUGH, PUGILISTICALLY SPEAKING, HE WAS A MAN OF PEACE.

Years ago it was the custom in some of the rural churches for the minister to blow a horn before beginning revival services. A godless fellow one day for want of something better to do, filled

the parson's horn with soft soap. The result can easily be imagined. He gave vent to his feelings by saying: "Brethren I have been minister of the gospel for forty years and during all this time I have not used any profane language and have always been a peaceable man but I will be accursed if I can't lick the hellish fellow that soaped the horn." After much canting and ranting and loud praying, a rough and god-forsaken looking individual in the meeting got up leaning against a post and groaning loudly for mercy, the minister went to console him saying: "My friend, may the Lord bless you; remember that the vilest sinner may be forgiven." "Oh I can't be forgiven" he answered. "What have you done? Have you stolen." "Oh no, worse than that." "Have you committed perjury? "Oh no, worse than that." "Have you committed murder?" "Oh I have done something worse than that." At this juncture the holy man pulled off his coat and cried out! "Brother Jones—hold my coat I have found the fellow that soaped the horn."

HE DID NOT GET THE POST OFFICE AND CONSEQUENTLY BECAME "A MAN OF SORROWS ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF."

During the breezy spring of 18— there was an acrimonious contest for the postmastership of the Queen City on the placid banks of the "Little" Lehigh. The aspirants were as numerous as the stars in the milky way. One named John, not John the Baptist, but the formidable and invincible John the blacksmith, a faithful follower of the trade and occupation of Tubal Cain of old was one of the live applicants for the office; not for his own individual benefit only, but also for the good of his party, for which his unselfish heart always bled profusely. He possessed two cardinal principles, one was, that it was his duty to support his party under all circumstances, even if it meant drowning not to swim with the stream and the other that it was the duty of the party to support him. He knew a good thing when he saw it. He was a fighting Democrat from way back. He was no grind-stone which goes which ever way it is turned. He was a mild man yet he would allow no man to rub his fur the wrong way. Whenever he was in a politicai fight he was there to stay and to win and he used no olive branches in fighting tigers. His services entitled him to wear the Democratic uniform. He fought with bare knuckles to a finish not barring, kicking, biting and

gouging and did not care what happened in a fight, just so that he won. He relished politics and office and both combined always produced a broad and kindly smile on his benevolent countenance. His shibboleth was "right is right and wrong is nobody." He was a firm believer in the rule enunciated by Senator Marcy "to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy," including honors, offices, emoluments, flags and pensions. He believed in the good old Christian doctrine: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." He was a great admirer of General Jackson, which shows that his Democracy was of a healthy nature. He glorified the valiant general for having told his chief cabinet officer, that, if he could not find a Democrat fit for a certain position, which was occupied by an old Federalist, that he should abolish the office. He vociferated: "Them are my sentiments." His motto was: "Geb 'den Hafer dem Gaul, der 'n verdient hat;" he admired old daddie Pfeiffer's live and let live saloon sign: "Leben und leben lassen, Lager Beer nur 4 cents 's Glas."

But for all that he was a good man and as square as a die and to use the expression of the ancient anatomist: "Sound in all his noble parts." He was not of the willow kind but of the oak. In fine he could boast that he never scratched an un-Democratic nose nor ever manifested any imitation Democracy. He has been weighed in the balance

and not found wanting. His boots never dangled on both sides of the fence nor was he ever found on the fence. He believed not without reason and hated not without provocation. He worked at his trade during all the days of the year except these: Sundays, which he devoted to religious exercises and Sunday School work, County Meeting day, election day, Jackson's day and all other days observed in honor of Democratic heroes, including ground hog day, which he spent in watching the movements of that historic quadruped to enable him to foretell the state of the weather and at the same time he kept a sharp eye on the goose bone. He had great faith in his political success and was cock sure of getting the postmastership. In fact, he had dreamed he was postmaster and had removed all the Republican letter-carriers, and consequently he made arrangements to build a high fence around his yard, where he and his friends were going to have a big feast to celebrate the event for seven days and seven nights. His invitation was to be: "Come in the morning or come in the evening, come when you are looked for or come without warning."

Besides his propitious dream he had a good reason to believe, that he had a pull on old Grover, when he was in clover, because he had presented him with a fancy horse shoe, on which he had spent much time and labor and used up some of

his best files and other valuable tools found in a well equipped smithery. He had faith in the good luck of a horseshoe; but like causes do not always produce like effects and he was not aware, that he was skating on thin ice. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip and

"You cannot always sometimes tell,
It may be that your little Johnnie has gone to hell."

And the shining horseshoe did not produce the proverbial good luck that was confidently expected. He was not actually beheaded and his head placed on a charger as was his ancient namesake's, but he suffered what may be called political immolation. When it was announced, that he was not the appointee, but the disappointee, smiles were at a premium and sighs at a discount and sack cloth and ashes were in demand. He looked like an unsuccessful legacy hunter and was overwhelmed with grief, which surpassed his powers of utterance. There was no sunshine behind the clouds for him. This was the stage of his experimentum crucis; there was no balm in Lehigh that could assuage his lacerated feelings. No wonder either, because this was the only postoffice in the city; it was worse than if he had been jilted by his best girl, because there are always thousands of other charming girls remaining. After having used up several plugs of tobacco, he went to a neighboring restaurant to find comforters and to

revive his drooping spirits, to refresh his bowels and if possible, to unload and drown his grievous grief, which was sufficient to sink a navy. He had enough philosophy to bear prosperity but not enough to bear adversity.

He soon found that he could say as did the great Psalmist of old: "I looked for comforters but found none." He learned the truth of the trite saying, "unsuccessful merit has no followers." At last he placed his right hand on his heart, which, although on the left side, was on the right side, and sighing a deep sigh, exclaimed as one in distress: "Oh, if I had only more education, so that I could express my thoughts and feelings more satisfactorily and relieve myself of the mountain of trouble resting upon my poor heart."

But this availed him nothing, for he was as discomfited as Samson of old was after he had been clipped and in an as unenviable predicament as Moses was when the light went out, down in the cellar eating saurkraut.

It reminds one of what Mrs. Pricilly Sniffles says:

"What poor short-sighted worms we be
For we can't calkerlate
With any sort of sartintee
What is tu be our fate."

Which may be sung to the tune of these lines:

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a big black coat
All buttoned down before."

SHE WAS NOT RAISED FOR THE FOREIGN MARKET.

Miss Sallie was none of your metropolitan ethereal namby pamby summer sissies in paper curls, with decollete gowns, humorously described as sitting in a fashionable parlor,

"And rocks in her easy chair
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little
It is a good deal more than she thinks."

But a gloveless and ringless, hard working, self sustaining country lass that could not be scared by the yell of "rats." She was not tuned up on high English, and was by no means an epistolary spell binder, but still she could make herself understood with the aid of a letter writer. Harry was attached to Sallie and Sallie was attached to Harry. She had a vital billet-doux for her dear swain, viz:

"My dear Harry!

I sit down and take my pen in hand to let you know, that I am in the family way, and I hope, that these few lines will find you in the same state of health,

So much from yours forever,

Sallie."

"The rose is red,
The violet blue:
Sugar is sweet
And so are you."

"My pen is poor,
My ink is pale,
My love for you
Will never fail."

HE HAD THE WRONG EYES.

Flickinger was a good and kind neighbor. One of his faults was, that he was a little too intimate with a highly accomplished Blue mountain chemist. In course of time his eyes became sore; he consulted his doctor, who told him, that the soreness of his eyes was caused by liquor. "Are you sure about this?" he asked. "Yes sir, and unless you stop drinking whiskey, you will lose your eyes." After a little hard thinking he sighed: "Well doctor, if that is so, then these are no eyes for me."

HE HEARD WHAT WAS SAID ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE.

Ringer after his retirement from business resolved for want of something better to do, to study the interesting questions involved in the campaign of 1896. He read much, discussed the issues freely, and attended four—(two Republican and two Democratic) meetings and at each he heard the same story with the change of a single word, the Republican orators using the term silver and the Democratic orators using the term gold. The story runs as follows: Two men were in a car with an old man. The conductor asked them, "Where are you going to take this old gentleman?" "To the insane asylum," they answered. "What

is he crazy about?" "About religion," was the reply. A few days thereafter he met the same men in a car in charge of another old gentleman. "Where are you going to take this old gentleman, and what is wrong with him?" he asked." He is insane, and we are going to take him to the asylum—he is a gold bug and he got crazy on the money question," they answered. He exclaimed: "Oh, he aint insane, he is only a damned fool." The political student was not only disgusted but also confused as much as those at the confusion of tongues at the unfinished tower of Babel, and cried out in utter disgust and broken heartedness, "I am done with politics, politicians and the study of political issues."

A VETERAN.

He had a rickety ramshackle wagon with the words lettuce and cabbage painted on the tail board, and a faithful horse, equipped with a rope harness. Being in the truck business, he would come to the city, dispose of his products and then would have a little fun by himself and invariably would disregard the injunction, "touch not, taste not, handle not." When it was high time to go home he would manage to get into his wagon and start his sure footed animal, which always landed him at his destination; but one day by some mis-

hap the horse got the wagon in contact with a worm fence along the King's highway, tore loose and went home leaving the wagon and old Geisinger in the fence corner.

When he awoke he sat up and taking a careful and non partisan view of the surroundings, and after much pensive reflection, said: "Now, if I am not old Geisinger then I have found a wagon; but if I am old Geisinger, than I have lost a horse."

THE SUSPECT HAD A POOR OPINION OF THE DETECTIVE'S ABILITY TO DETECT.

He was told by the detective: "I am on your tracks and one of these days I will catch you and lock you up." "Oh fiddle sticks," (says the suspect,) "you can't track an elephant in the snow."

HE HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO EVILS.

Zaccheus Schlosser was a wood-chopper of long standing. He was engaged by his minister to cut down one of his old apple-trees. Zaccheus first cut off some of the lower branches to afford him free ax-sweep, and in doing so, the ax glanced off and hit him on one of his shins, inflicting a painful wound. This ired him and caused him to swear, at which he had few equals, though otherwise his morality was as sound as a silver dollar. His min-

ister was right behind him, of which he was unconscious. He opened fire by saying, "Da wollt' ich doch, dass ein Himmelkreuz-Donnerwetter—", but before he had a chance to add a substantive to this compound expletive, the pious parson interrupted him by exclaiming: "Ah, ah, brother Zaccheus, this is too bad!" Zaccheus looked up and seeing his minister, he became as badly rattled as an old goose in a hail storm, and after a few moments of silent astonishment he drawled out with a melancholy sadness: "Yes, parson, I know it is too bad, but upon my soul, I could not help it, I had either to swear or vomit."

THE ORGANIST AND THE SINGER.

Two young men, one an organist and the other a singer, passed through a large forest one day and heard a bird sing most beautifully. They stopped and admired the sweet singing. Says the organist, whose self-conceit was only equalled by that of the singers: "That bird is singing for me, because it knows that I am an organist." "No," says the singer, "the bird is singing for me, because it knows that I am a singer."

Both claimed the honor and a bitter disputation ensued. Finally they agreed to consult a lawyer to settle the claim of honor. They saw the lawyer and each stated his claim for the honor. The lawyer, after he had been paid five dollars by each, revolved

the question in his mind for a few minutes and then rendered this decision: "I regret to say that the bird did not sing in honor of the organist, neither did it sing in honor of the singer, the bird sang for me — don't you see?"

JOHNNY "ADVANCED BACKWARDS."

Before the days of the potato bugs it was not an unusual thing to have one or two fights at a country frolic and one without one or more fights was considered a tame and lame affair. At one of these frolics, after things were booming and the fiddlers were fiddling with their fiddles, and the girls and boys were dancing, a great commotion, causing an uproar almost loud enough to stir up the police, was raised by a Dutchman with a killing tongue and looking for trouble who scurried into the room and mounting a chair, exclaimed: "Boys! boys! make room, my Johnny wants to fight!" Joy and happiness were rampant on all sides in anticipation of a fight. Johnny was within hailing distance, but being of a cautious turn of mind, "stopped, looked and listened." After much loud talking and a great uproar, an old battalion fighter, who was raised too near the woods to be scared by an owl and who was always ready to swear and fight and well versed in the art of landing straight jabs, left hooks and upper cuts, jumped on a chair and cried out: "Who is this Johnny, that

wants to fight? And where is he?" Silence reigned. The Dutchman's balloon was punctured and collapsed. The old man had gone up like an eagle and came down like a goose, and Johnny in the meantime concluded not to put in an appearance. In other words: Er hatte sich aus dem Staub' gemacht, following the proverb: "It is better that it should be said, 'here he ran away than here he was slain.'"

HE WAS NO KICKER.

After Sammy had vowed to marry Sallie, she gave a dinner in his honor before the day of the consummation of the interesting event. The neighbors were not only invited, but they were there. She had peaches and cream as one of the desserts. There were a few curious bugs in Sammy's dish, but he ate all without a grunt or groan. After dinner he was reminded of this and asked: "Why did you eat the bugs?" He replied: "I did so out of respect of the family."

THE RESCUE HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY.

This organization was formed, when many of its present members were still on the exclusive milk diet, as an auxiliary to the volunteer fire company. It was a long felt want. Its beginning was very unpretentious, its outfit consisting of an old stepladder, a wood stove, a few old benches, a saw buck, a

beer mallet, two wooden spigots and several tomato cans, with headquarters in the rear of a dilapidated livery stable, in which there were a number of good sized rat holes. Its members were of the best blood of the city and all fond of excitement, free speech and free wind and not one cared as to what happened in a struggle to extinguish fire. They were enthusiastic supporters of the Declaration of Independence, particularly of that clause which asserts, that "All men are created equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When the author of the Declaration wrote this clause he no doubt had in his mind just such men as composed the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, for being engaged in such an enterprise is a "pursuit of happiness." They had mutually pledged each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to stand by each other and the company. But notwithstanding this and the robustness and patriotism of its members, the Company was like Mohammed's coffin, dangling between heaven and earth for a dog's age, during which period, if any new complications had set in, it would have been snuffed out; for it looked as though it had no more show of success than there was of a thaw in Nova Zembla. But after a heroic struggle it materialized into a strong and efficient organization, which gratified its friends and surprised its enemies. The Company can now be likened unto a

mustard seed, "which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it is the greatest amongst herbs and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof." The Company became famous by reason of the heroic deeds of its members at fires in saving not only valuable property, but also the precious lives of men, women and children, and by its numerous feasts and entertainments, celebrations and glorifications. They had weekly meetings, at which means and plans were devised, discussed and considered to improve the companys' equipments and financial condition, which were in a deplorable state. The meetings were invariably followed by a feast or some kind of entertainment and with the aid of a little imagination one may conclude that water was not the only liquid in the menu.

They had bi-weekly balls, which afforded much amusement and unalloyed enjoyment. All holidays, including ground hog day; all marriages, elections of the company as well as all political elections were duly observed and celebrated in an old fashioned manner, and also fires were commemorated by feasts lasting one or more days, in which all participated, even the friends of those, who had gone to the happy hunting grounds. Besides, hog guessing matches, parades, excursions and the Allentown Fair consumed much of their valuable time.

One year, owing to the large number of fires, marriages and births, and admission of new members,

the celebrations and commemorations exceeded the number of days in the year, so they celebrated and commemorated the events by sections. The chairman was a born fireman, ambitious, heroic and enthusiastic, always on hand, presiding over all the meetings, besides acting as toast master on important occasions. In short, he was both the Moses and Aaron of the company. One New Year's Eve, just before the town clock struck twelve, he rapped the vigilant and hilarious members, some of whom felt the effects of overstimulation, to order, and proceeded to set the ball a-rolling by saying: "Gentlemen, harken ye solemnly, we are about walking into a new year!" After a long pause he announced this toast: "The duties of a fireman viewed from an educational standpoint," which will be responded to by Hickory Hommer. Although Mr. Hommer was a vigorous young man and a great lip artist and could make as much noise as any one in his ward, and as fond of speech making and the sweet chorus of applause, as a darkey is of 'possum meat with sweet potato and gravy adjuncts, yet he was almost paralyzed when he heard the hefty toast, but after he had partially recovered from the shock, one of the members made a motion to resume the usual and customary festivities, which was carried with a hurrah, and followed by loud jollifications and singing: "We won't go home till morning." The Company weathered all kinds of

weather, dropping empty buckets into empty wells for years, but finally became a howling success, a perfect fire fiend and is now the jewel and pride of the Queen city on the Hill, demonstrating the truth of the adage: "Mighty things from small beginnings grow," and the correctness of the aphorism: "Blood will tell."

THE DICTUM WAS VERY SIGNIFICANT.

A pious parson on his way to officiate at the burial of one of the pillars of his church during a cold, snow blizzard, stopped at the first inn he got to and asked the landlord: "Sei so gut und mache mir einen hot punch!" "Wie wollen Sie ihn haben, heiss und stark?" he asked. "Machen Sie einen der Witterung nach," was his dictum. — Be so good and make me a hot punch. How do you want it, hot and strong? Make it according to the state of the weather.

HE WAS MONARCH OF THE BANK.

Over a generation ago a shrewd, oily Herrnhuter by the name of John Rice who was more notorious than famous, ingratiated himself into the good graces of the stockholders of a certain bank. He possessed many bewitchments of popularity and was brimful of machinations with lots of pure native ambition to rule or ruin, and was minded not to take stock in a balloon unless it would go up. He was made presi-

dent, and he soon became the autocrat of the institution. He hypnotized the directors and they all vied to do his bidding. He directed and the directors didn't. When the gold reserve was questioned he procured a number of nail kegs filled with nails and covered them with layers of gold with a view of deception. But at last the bubble bursted and the creditors of the bank learned that Rice had too much sand in his sugar for table use and not enough for building purposes. The denouement of affairs was anything but satisfactory. Hugh Lindsay, a Pennsylvania German comedian, with a puppet show burlesqued the directors and their management. He was the star actor. He occupied a big high chair behind a large table and on the opposite side of it he had a dozen cabbage heads suspended, representing the directors, to which were attached wires leading to his place, which were so arranged as to enable him to manipulate the cabbage heads, making them nod or shake at his will. He would make a proposition and advocate it to the cabbage heads, and when all was ready for a decision, he would pull a certain wire and the cabbage heads would nod. In case he desired a person's note discounted or not, he would pull the appropriate wire. This was fun for the boys but death to the bank, and it soon went to the demnition bow-wows.

A SHORT PRACTICAL LESSON IN HORSE SWAPPING.

He had an old crippled and stiff-jointed nag which he offered to sell for sixteen dollars. He met his dear father-in-law, who had saved a few ends of candlesticks, with whom he proposed to swap. After considerable dickering a deal was effected, Mr. Lindsay receiving a good old horse and twenty dollars cash for his nag which had been repaired and varnished up for the occasion. By the way, the good father-in-law no doubt supposed from his talk and winning smiles that he purposed to do him a big favor, but he soon learned that the course he pursued formed a forcible example of original sin.

When they met again the old gentleman was about in the same condition of mind Laban was, after he had a few sheep transactions with his thrifty and famous son-in-law Jacob of old. He told him: "Lindsay, you have cheated me out of a horse and twenty dollars in money." "How is that?" he asked. "Why because you had offered your horse for sixteen dollars and you got a horse and twenty dollars from me." He replied: "Oh, that is all right, Pap, if you had desired to buy the horse I would have asked you only sixteen dollars, but you must bear in mind that the rule in horse swapping is, to ask and take more boot money than the horse is worth; if you do that, then you are perfectly safe, don't you see?"

It could not be expected that under such aggrava-

tion wrath would be mute and fury would be dumb, and the old gentleman beamed upon him as he had never beamed before, with lips curled and with tumultuous indignation declared: "Mr. Lindsay, this may be a good rule among horse jockeys, but it is a damned mean principle to apply to one's father-in-law."

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Mr. Hunsicker's knowledge was very limited, but he possessed a profound conceit and in his own opinion thought he was one of the big shining lights. Good luck struck him and he was drawn as a juror. This titillated his vanity to such extent that he got a swelled head. Lindsay and he met; Hunsicker greeted him heartily, saying, "Howdy, howdy do, Mr. Lindsay?" Lindsay pretended to be surprised and said: "I do not know you." Hunsicker: "What, you don't know me, Mr. Lindsay? I have been in your show many times." "No, I do not, who are you anyhow?" Hunsicker braced up and said: "Why, sir! I am George W. Hunsicker, juryman from Hettelberg."

QUALIFICATIONS OF A JUROR.

He plied his vocation in a section of country where the people were not then as well informed as they are now. Many of them were deficient in English.

Those that were drawn as jurors suffered at his hands; his powers of ridicule were strong and well developed. Simon Zangfoos, a juror, met Lindsay on his way to court. He accosted him: "Hello, my friend Simon, where are you bound for?" Simon replied in his native vernacular: "I am going to Easton to *sit* on the grand jury." "Oh, then you will have a good, jolly time this week." "Oh, I might, but I don't like it," he rejoined. "Why not?" "Because I don't know enough, and my English is too poor." "Oh, that don't matter, a juryman need not know anything, if he has only a clean shirt on and a stand-up collar and is freshly shaved."

HE WAS RATED AT HIS FULL VALUE.

Before the war a western attorney wanted to become merchant and wrote to a party in New York for goods on credit and named a few of his associate brethren as references. The house wrote to one of them inquiring as to his financial robustness. He answered: "I think he is perfectly good. He is estimated to be worth over a $100,000.00, made up of these items: He has a fine family, consisting of a wife, a boy of ten years and a girl of five years. His wife is a beautiful woman and is worth to him or any body else that wants a good wife $50,000. The boy is bright and energetic and in the language of the ancient anatomist "sound in all his parts," he is estimated to be worth $30,000; he would hardly sell

him for that. The girl is a jewel and has the make-up of a good woman, and she is valued at $20,000. Besides he has a desk in his office worth $1.50, three chairs 50 cents each, an old stove worth 50 cts., one bull's eye watch $1.00, a double bladed barlow-knife 15 cents, and a great big rat hole in the back part of his office, which is worth looking into."

"TOUCH HIM AGAIN."

He was rich, pinchy and stingy. One Sunday his church held a special collection and a good round sum was expected from him. In passing the contribution box he dropped in ten cents. As he walked out a piece of ceiling dropped on his head. His conscience was slightly rattled and he went back and dropped ten dollars into the box. As he passed out and when he got to the place where the ceiling had dropped on him, the wide awake parson remarked: "Lord, touch him again!"

AN OBLIQUE HINT THAT HINTED.

Young Handeder, when he returned from a Republican county meeting, was almost rendered hors de combat by an overdose of what is known as "stone fence," and he had a hard struggle to get back, and when he got to the barn he crawled into the fodder gang to sleep off his demoralization. One of his perniciously officious neighbors, who was long in his face but short in his Christianity and whose only son

was lying dangerously ill of typhoid fever told the boy's papa that his son was lying in the fodder gang beastly drunk. The old gentleman retorted by saying, "Yes, I know it, but still it is better than the typhoid fever."

IF HUSBAND AND WIFE ARE ONE HE FOUND WHICH WAS THE ONE. A CLEAR CASE OF GOVERNMENT WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.

The late lamented Captain O'Doney was a character full of Irish humor and bulls. One day he and his wife had no small disputation; it was an argumentum baculinum, and he learned the truth of these lines:

> "He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
> To turn the current of a woman's will."

She was an expert in handling the broom-stick, rolling-pin, flat-iron and other armor-piercing projectiles, and did not spend all her time in child-bearing and child-nursing in which occupation all of her sex are so pre-eminently fitted. He sought the advice of his lawyer and being in a state of great agitation and looking for all the world like Don Quixote after he had a short adventure with a wind-mill, he said: "Your honor, I have trouble in my family; my wife is insane in her head." His honor was surprised and exclaimed: "Captain, you don't tell me!" He tried to console him and then asked: "Captain, in what way does your wife show her insanity?" He replied:

"Your honor, my wife shows her insanity mostly in the way of her thinking." The Captain was thoroughly subdued and "could not with peremptory tone assert the nose upon his face was his own," and thereafter conducted himself as a good law abiding member of his pettycoat government. She was his sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar. He could sympathize with the Indiana parson, who said: "An unmarried man is only one halt of a man, and a married man is nobody." He had a good reason to exclaim: "If she is my better half what a monster I must be."

SHE FEARED A FEAR.

Widow Techter, with a healthy boy, had promised to marry old bachelor Weaver, a weaver from Weaversville, but after much vigorous thinking and digestion, she refused to enter into the bonds of matrimony, giving as her reason, that her fifteen year old son would watch the weaving operation and the shuttle might fly out and strike out his eyes.

HE HAD A LOW ESTIMATE OF HIS NEIGHBOR'S ABILITY AS A MARKSMAN.

Two Pennsylvania Germans had quite a spirited dispute as to which of them was the better shot. After much wrangling one said to the other: "Why John, you can't hit a barn unless you go inside of it and shut the door."

SHE HAD CONFIDENCE IN THE DOCTOR.

The head of the family possessed his full share of will power. One day he had a fainting spell and whilst lying on the floor in a coma state the family doctor felt his pulse carefully and after much silent thinking and looking as wise as a judge charging a grand jury, opened his mouth saying in a grave-yard sounding voice, "He is dead." The sick man raised his head and said: "No I ain't dead." His wife having more confidence in the doctor than in him, remarked: "John, lie down and be quiet, the doctor knows better than you do."

CAPTAIN McCLOSKEY KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

Some years ago the Irish and the Dutch had a big fight on what is known as "Billy Goat Hill." Many of the participants were seriously injured. Before they got through both pooled their issues and made a common assault on the police and routed them with damaging results. They were indicted. On the second day of the trial a very important question of fact was raised and that was, as to whether Michael O'Donnell was on the side of the rioters or police. After much evidence pro and con Captain McCloskey, a fine looking policeman with a long beard and who had stood up against the rioters like a stone wall,

was called and standing up in the crowded audience he was asked by the defendant's counsel with much assurance: "Captain, Michael O'Donnell was on the side of the police, was he not?" After a little pensive reflection and stroking his beard, he said: "Well, yes sir, he was at first; but some how or other he got on the other side before the fight was over."

HE HAD RETIRED FROM THE POLITICAL ARENA.

A candidate for office, meeting one of his old political bed-fellows, accosted him thus: "Well, my friend Boomer, how are you? Are you taking an active part in the campaign this year?"

"No, I am not, I am out of politics," he answered.

"Why, I am surprised to hear that, you used to be very active in the political arena," his friend remarked.

"Oh yes, that is so, but that was when I had more money than brains," he answered.

HE OVERFLOWED WITH SYMPATHETIC CONSIDERATIONS FOR HIS CLIENT'S PARENTS.

It is said of a lawyer, who had collected a note of three hundred dollars for his client, that when the latter called for his money the following discourse was had:

The lawyer being asked: "What is your charge?" replied. "O well, I won't charge you much; I knew

your father and mother very well and they were always kind to me. My charge is only one hundred and fifty dollars."

The client took his half and then started for the door, remarking, "It is a lucky thing for me that you did not know my grandfather and grandmother, or else you would have kept the whole amount.

Such conduct may account for the absence of any of the legal fraternity in Heaven according to the latest report, and which is very important, if true: "There is said to be one editor in Heaven. How he got there is not positively known, but it is conjectured that he passed himself off for a minister and stepped in unexpectedly. When the dodge was discovered, they searched the realms of felicity all through its length and breadth for a lawyer to draw up the necessary papers of ejectment, but they could not find one, and, of course, he still holds the fort."

REMEDY FOR AN HABITUAL BACKSLIDER.

Brother Jones, a genial and picturesque colored gentleman, after having led a zigzag life, joined the church. But it soon happened to him according to the proverb: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." He stole a razor; he was expelled. He returned in sackcloth and ashes. He was forgiven and re-instated. But his reformation having

been of the lightningbug character, he committed a new offence, he stole a chicken, was again expelled; he repented and begged to be taken back. There was more or less opposition by the brethren; much was said about backsliding and sliding down hill. But mercy prevailed and he was again restored. Then he stole a pig upon the plea that it is better to reform and fall, than never to reform at all. He was expelled for the third time and when he asked to be re-instated, one of the colored brethren entered his solemn protest, saying: "Brother Jones is a backslider, he is sliding down hill all the time, and I say, if brother Jones is to be taken back again into this here church, I propose that we rub his back with rosin and chalk, so that he can't slide back and down hill so easily."

HE SIZED UP SATAN.

Rev. Dissinger was always very original and forcible in his illustrations. In his remarks about the devil he said: "The devil is harmless when he is on the outside of a person. He is like a green apple, when outside it is harmless, but when it gets within a person then trouble begins," etc.

THE SHOCK WAS EQUAL TO A SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW

Hollander was a man of good repute, but denied that there was a lake of fire burning with brimstone and a post mortem punishment. He was on the outs

with the Schiverstein family who were a bad set. They stole his apples, corn, potatoes and everything else not nailed fast. Besides they were peacebreakers and fighters, a menace by day and a terror by night to the neighbors. One day, whilst he was in the midst of a heated discussion with his neighbors as to whether there was a future punishment for poor sinners, an ex-associate lay judge asked him: "Mr. Hollander, if there is no such a thing as a punishment after death, then how about the Schiversteins?" "Judge, says he, "I have nothing further to say," and walked off with his eyes on his toes, scratching his head and biting his thumbs, looking like the contracted shadow of Buffalo Bill.

THE SWABIANS WERE "IN STATU QUO.

A veteran saloon keeper, a german by birth, and an American by adoption, whose motto was "live and be happy, then be hanged and forget all." After he had arrived at a ripe age he paid a visit to his old home in the dear old Fatherland, where he found things different from what they were when he left for "The land of the free and the home of the brave." He was no less surprised than was Rip Van Winkle after a snooze of 20 years, when he found himself an old man, his wife dead, his village changed and his country a Republic. On his return to his adopted country his friends gave him a rousing reception, dining, wining and lionizing him. Many inquiries

were made of him as to how he found things and persons in the place of his birth. He told them that many changes had taken place, that new buildings were occupying the places of old ones, that the cities and towns were changed, that many of his friends had gone on the other side of the orchard, that the survivors of the boys had become baldheaded and toothless, walking on canes and crutches, and the young girls he had left behind him had become aged widows, and wound up by saying, "In short, everything and everybody has changed, except the Swabians, they are the same old Swabians to-day they were two hundred years ago."

SQUIRE WEISS EXPLAINING ASTROLOGY TO ONE OF HIS NEIGHBORS.

He was a country justice and an enthusiastic philomath. He took great interest in astrology. One day a neighbor of his called on him on business. After getting through, the squire resumed reading his new book on his favorite study. The caller remained and the justice proceeded to explain the morning star to him, showing him a picture of it. After listening attentively and on a close inspection of the picture, the man naively said: "Squire, just such an island I saw in the Susquehanna river, when I was at Harrisburg last winter." The squire collapsed as a teacher of astrology, with a face calcimined with disgust.

GREAT SCRAMBLE AT THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE OF 1901 TO PARTICIPATE IN THE DIVISION OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

The Republican Insurgents lately tried to annihilate their old dandy leader and beloved idol, on the plea that he was a wicked man and a penitentiary dodger, and soon found themselves in the position of Tom Toller's famous plough, turning up more than it could turn over, and were accordingly knocked out with excellent prospects of remaining out, and at the same time a goodly number of tirlie-whirlie-swivel-geared Democrats of the Legislature with insatiable and immortal longings to participate in the division of the carrion, joined them and essayed the oft tried experiment of serving God and Mammon for coigne of vantage and a little Republican sunshine; aiding one devil to lick another, they got themselves in the ridiculous predicament of David Crockett's coon dog, an excellent dog, but one day it barked up the wrong tree. They went out shearing and came back clipped by the "old man" and thoroughly convinced that the only way to keep up with him is to get ahead of him, which is no easy task, for "when the old woman dances it is no child's play." He is generally prepared to meet all comers; he has a way of wriggling himself into the centre of affairs. He is an old dog with new tricks. They had been dead sure of success and as defiant as an old gander sitting

on a goose nest. They had prepared a tidal wave of vast proportions, but in politics, if a fellow hollows before he is out of the woods, he often finds himself in a fool's paradise. Yes, they had the fox hedged and sang the pean of hope and secured victory, and had a schedule of the distribution of the spoils of office, ready for immediate use. They rejoiced with as much enthusiasm as did the people when Zadok annointed Solomon, King of Israel; "they piped with pipes and rejoiced with great joy, so that the earth rent with the sound of them." Their heads were full of moon-beams and rain-bows and they acted like he-goats on a high mountain. But they were like the man with the horseshoe. All he needed was the horse. They had the situation as well in hand as the veteran showman had his donkey. Says he: "Ladies and gentlemen! I have this animal under such complete control that I can make him do anything he wants to." But they were bucked off before they got their feet into the stirrups. Their pretensions were all for reform, to become the recipients of office, to rob the victors of the result of their victory. This was the issue—the red-cored watermelon at stake. They were all happy. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley:" Yes:

Ah Beh Zeh,
Die Katz' lauft im Schnee;
Der Schnee geht aweck,
Und die Katz' liegt im Dreck."

It reminds me of the fable of the rats and cat. Many years ago the rats found that their numbers were being rapidly decimated by their old enemy, the cat. They held a convention to devise measures of safety. After many plans had been proposed, a young rat got up and suggested that they should put a bell around the neck of the cat, which was adopted with a hurrah, and the problem of safety was solved and all rejoiced, except an old grey-bearded fellow, who had more or less experience with the cat. He got up and inquired as to who was going to put the bell on the cat. This was worse than a wet blanket, and the problem of safety was not solved.

It was like the fusion of the fusionists "teetotally busted." Their effort was a dismal failure—somewhat like that of the overly wise fellow with a vicious and self notioned mule. In order to play smart on him he tried to mount him from the rear. The result can be easily imagined and in the language of the Supreme Court: "It would be a work of supererogation to recount all the facts." Some weeks afterwards one of his neighbors met him and condoled with him by saying: "Issachar, you ain't quite as pretty any more as you used to be, but I guess you know a heap more." They learned that a Democrat does not improve his Democracy by voting the Republican ticket. To explain is to be damned. It will not help their case

by imitating the lost boy, who, when asked whether he was lost said: "No, I am not lost, but my mother is." They had been promised all the good things not nailed fast. The Insurgents acted like Hooley's dog, that lived on the first floor, but occupied the entire house and pretended to have a controlling interest in the whole city. They were as lavish in their promises of good things as was that impecunious loafer who took the Saviour up into an exceeding high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them and said: "All these things I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Old Nick did not have an inch of ground, when he made this proposition and the Insurgents did not have an ounce of pork, when they set up business for themselves using the Democrats as the principal part of their capital stock, who made a pretty kettle of fish of the whole matter. They saw pork where there was none. This sugar-coated temptation of the tempters was very seductive and they being willing to be seduced, in fact yearning for the political flesh pots and at the same time believing in the dishonorable and leavenous doctrine of: "Besser 'ne Laus im Kraut als wie gar kein Fleisch," took the fallacious bait. The inducing cause of the strange and unnatural alliance with these porkless political pirates was not simply the defeat of the "old man." Some poli-

ticians have a penchant to follow a successful party like a cow follows a hay wagon. Such may own much, but they don't own themselves. It is somewhat strange, that the moment the Democratic members arrived at Harrisburg, they became flustrated. In 1897, when the Democrats had a candidate for the United States Senate, whose ability, honesty, morality, conservativeness and all around fitness was not called into question, and yet none of these would be reformers voted for him, to get rid of their terrible octopus. Yet now they appeal to all, irrespective of party affilliations to aid them in the annihilation of the Quay machine to preserve the perpetuity of free institutions. They act like the Jews of Asia, when Saint Paul appeared in the temple crying: "Men of Israel, help!" These are not vaporings of diseased minds, but those of hypocrites and seditious demagogues.

They have been Quay supporters and Quay beneficiaries for a generation, but they can not stomach Quay medicine. They have learned that there is a great difference between running with the Quay machine and running against it. There was much of Justice Buzzard's disposition displayed by the Democrats in the deal with the Insurgents. They were to have appointments on gilt edge committees and the privilege of naming a few subordinate clerks. These were the juicy peaches and luscious melons which induced the

Democrats to vote for the old Militia General Koontz for Speaker, whose principal business in this world has been to vilify the Democrats. They wanted to get on the milking stool. Such unadulterated political deviltry should be bounced. The Democrats stooped like camels to get on the back of the Republican horse. They swallowed the green toad without mastication; but they hitched their wagon to a shooting star. Even if they had succeeded in downing the "old man," they would have stood no better chance of getting anything substantial, than the sheep had in killing the butcher. Such Democracy will soon gangrene into mortification and is not worth the breath of an unfeed lawyer. Never venture again to shake the plum tree with the Republicans. The whole deal looked suspicious. This could be seen through a smoked glass. Such Democrats can scarcely be on speaking terms with the Democracy; such representatives are no more fitted to represent the Democracy than Captain Kidd would be to act as recording angel. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, but he got his pottage; but the Democrats sold themselves to the porkless Insurgents and of course got no pork. Those that jumped into the Quay band wagon made out better: Their rod like Aarons of old "bloomed blossoms and yielded almonds," so it is said.

The Republicans had gold bricks to sell and the

Democrats were at the Rialto to buy them, with the unfortunate result that a big portion of them landed in the Insurgent camp and the balance in the Quay camp, both of whom had an unrivaled assortment of the article. Such politics should be eschewed as being fit only for kickers. They were as easily beguiled and caught as certain kinds of fish are in shallow seas of the Northwest. When great shoals of them are seen swimming near the surface the people go out in canoes and beat the water with their paddles, uttering hideous yells, and the fish jump up into the air and as they come down fall into the canoes. This is easy fishing, as easy as it is for the Republicans to catch the Democrats. Even if they had succeeded in making the old militia general the distributor of the spoils, they would have fared like the wolf and the fox did when they and the lion had captured and killed an ox. The lion claimed one-half. This was agreed to. Then he placed himself in a fighting attitude and said: "I have one-half by agreement, now I will fight for the other half." The Democrats would not have got more of the spoils than a heathen's share of a missionary fund. But the Democrats seem to be satisfied with the crumbs and swill of the kitchen as a reward. They have sold out to the party that believes in quick sales and small profits. If a Democratic representative will vote for the Republicans let him drop the oyster

and get off the Democratic wharf. Such conduct on the part of representatives infects the life-blood of the party. The alliance was unnatural and could not be justified upon any plea, because it involved a sacrifice of principle. A politician who does not know this must have wind on the brain and dream while he is awake. Don't worship at two shrines. "When you find coon tracks in the mud, keep right on the trail. As you go along you will come across the tracks of possums and woodchucks, wild cats and bears; but if you want coon-meat you must keep right after the coon; you might possibly get a bear by switching off, but the chances are that you will lose both coon and bear." This is what happened to the Democrats by switching off. Never abandon your principles in order to win. You might just as well abandon Christianity and go in for the devil, who is generally a winner. Remember that when a person wants something for nothing, he is frequently compelled to pay something for nothing. When old sinners want to commit a black deed they turn reformers with their mouths full of hypocrisy and regulation lenten faces and pray: "I thank Thee, Lord, that I am not like other men." Thus it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. For cool, native, pure, innate assumption and unadulterated audacity they outdo Satan. They consider themselves the salt of the earth and the universal purveyors of political wis-

dom, and think that the perpetuity of republican institutions depends upon them. They think they know what is good for the people better than the people know themselves. The performance reminds one of what the colored father said to his daughter, who was being vigorously courted by a picturesque young man: "My child, that swelled colored gent's fervency on such short acquaintance am very suspicious." They see the mote in the eyes of others, but do not perceive the beam in their own. What reformation can be expected from a party which created the necessity for reform? Mixing Democracy with Republicanism is like mixing love and sense. When you hear them argue, you can not help but think of what the colored deacon said to the young convert, who reproached the old deacon with want of zeal. "Young man," he said, "I always found that young Christians are like bumblebees, largest when they are hatched." They have a penchant to reform everybody except themselves, and anybody that does not agree with them is either a fool or a scoundrel. They are like cheese which digests everything except itself. Look out for a rogue in grain, veneered with sanctimoniousness. Praising and railing are their usual themes and every man with them is either a God or a devil. Such reformers ought to be in Abraham's bosom. They are like a funnel when you pour water into it, it circulates and gyrates, but all at

once it goes down the spout; so they gyrate and palaver, but all at once everything goes down into their own pockets. Their pretensions of reform must be taken cum grano salis. Such reformers an angel descending from heaven could not reform and would have to return whence he came and leave his work undone. With all their faults they set themselves up as universal benefactors and correctors of abuses and removers of grievances. They know there are still a few people living, who are ready to believe, that an Ethiopian can change his skin and a leopard his spots. They make broad their phylacteries as a sign of their superior integrity and piety:

"You hear them spout
In the Reformers din
Because they want the others out
That they may hurry in."

A mere change of bosses and machines is not reform any more than jumping from the frying pan into the fire is a means of salvation. Uncle Hiram says: "There is two kinds of people I'm always kinder suspicious of, them that air always hollerin' 'stop thief' and them that is always s'posin' themselves better'n anybody else." But making a noise like a roaring conflagration does no more make a reformer than biliousness makes a pious man.

Calling a dog's tail a leg, does no more make it a leg than the insistent assertion of an aristocratical

reformer makes him a reformer. He is more like a folding-bed with a piano front. In politics they parallel the devil in devilment, proving that old Satan will always play the devil when he has a chance.

"Reformers, Ratten und Mice,
Wantzen und Filzläus,
Wo die nehmen die Ueberhand,
Gott behüt das Vaterland."

It seems, wherever some leading Democrat sees a Republican gold brick, he becomes afflicted with buck fever and as unsettled as an old hen with one chick. The safe rule is to follow the four cardinal points of the Democratic compass, and the Democratic parallels of latitude and the Democratic meridians of longitude, and not pursue any ignis fatuus or mirage that may appear on the political horizon. Stop ducking and side-stepping. The action of the Democratic Representatives reminds one of the story of the man who tried to commit suicide with a blinker-bridle. He was cut down by his son, and rubbing his eyes, remarked: "John, if you had waited one minute longer I would be in heaven." "Yes, you would have cut a deuce of a figure looking through a blinker-bridle," John replied. This is the way the Democrats looked after they had voted for the old militia general. Democratic Representatives, even if they are in the minority, are not commissioned to put themselves up at public auction to be auctioneered off to the highest and

best bidders of any of the factions of the G. O. P., who but a few months ago went up and down in the land begging campaign funds and warning the people that the Democrats would ruin the country, if placed in power, and elevate Aguinaldo, pull down the American flag, and if Bryan were elected, Aguinaldo and his gang would rule the country. They got into bad company, and they cannot complain, if they meet with the fate of the good crane that was caught with three black crows in a farmer's corn-crib. She pleaded that she was innocent of wrong-doing, and that she came from a good family and had always been a good and honest bird. "That may all be so, but since you have been found in bad company, you must suffer the consequences," replied the farmer. Remember, that you are in the wrong company and that the difference between the two great factions of the Republicans is like the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, merely one of spelling. They are only virtuous in spots. Their pretensions, that with their besom they will sweep all the filth of corruption out of their party, is only chicanery; they will eat adders with fangs before they will vote with the Democracy; they will soon lay aside their reform measures and keep them in a state of innocuous desuetude, until they can use them again as flap-doodle for the Democrats, with promises of positions on gilt-edge com-

mittees and the catchy shibboleth of ballot reform and a few other measures equally as sonorous and innocuous. Their reform measures are all fakes and like angels' visits and hen's teeth. As soon as the campaign opens, they will sing the old song and the Republican Elephant will go round:

"The band will begin to play
The peoples' dough will support the show
In the same old way."

Crack goes the whip and ronnd go the wheels. The best thing the Democrats can do is to stick to their own kith and kin and not swabble to and fro like water in a swabbling pitcher and not allow themselves to be namby pambied by a painted hook. If there is an honest desire on the part of the Insurgents to get rid of their leaders, let them come over and not set up business for themselves. They will resort to anything to capture the Democrats, and howl like a lot of Comanche Indians if the Quayites try to do the same thing. There is a poisonous snake closely hidden under their flourishing words. If they have a good thing they know it and hang on to it like a limpet to a rock. They understand addition, division and silence. They don't give cheese for chalk nor take chalk for cheese. The Democrat that expects to get any of the spoils will find himself in the position of the darkey, that went out hunting in cahoot with two white men. They caught four coons; each of the

white men took two. When the darkey was asked what he got, after scratching his head answered: "I guess I will get the cahoot." After they get through with a goose you may conclude that she is pretty well plucked. They know that twice two ganders make four geese and that twice two geese does not always make four ganders. They do not dote on toys and throw away gems. Getting red in the face and simulating pious indignation should mislead no one.

Politically speaking "heads I win and tails you lose," and, "I take the turkey and you take the buzzard or you take the buzzard and I take the turkey," are two of their cardinal principles. Keep away from the Republican tents and don't hop about like a grasshopper for a few Republican nubbins. Stop playing the political shell game and keep your Democracy out of the Republican pawn shop, no matter how strong your instincts may be to get on gilt edge committees bearing in mind, that it is one of old Nick's tricks to get men in a terrible fix.

"To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy" is thousands of years old and is recognized by two of the greatest political parties of the world and this can not be changed by a few fellows, who have a craving to get on gilt edge committees. Somebody is entitled to the spoils and to give them to the conquered would be absolutely

absurd. "Render unto Cæsar the things that rightfully belong to Cæsar" is good politics as well as sound divinity.

A man is not justified in sacrificing his principles in order to get a portion of the spoils and no representative has the right to use the Democratic heifer for any such purpose. This kind of dirigible politics will lead one against the Eifel Tower.

A Democrat that votes for a rampant Republican for Speaker for his individual aggrandizement violates his party principles and needs a treatment of pasteurization and sterilization. You must not permit yourselves to be used as a cat's paw; they have made fish of one and fowl of the other and game of all. Keep away from the Republican trough unless you want to be heaved overboard like old Jonah. By your course you have shortened your political longevity. The Insurgents, who pretend to be as pure as unsunned snow, have but lately discovered that their former leader and Moses is a wicked man and a penitentiary dodger. Why, but a few years ago they held him up as a pure idol and now throw black ink and hard adjectives at him. They can not have much perspicacity. Let the factions of the G. O. P. settle their own quarrels, for

> "Those who in quarrels interpose
> Must often wipe a bloody nose."

Follow the good old Monroe doctrine, which means shinny on your own side. If you do not follow this rule you will become as uncertain and risky as a Philadelphia Democrat. You will become as confused as was the professor one night in going home. He got between two lamp-posts with the moon behind him and seeing three of his shadows became frightened and exclaimed: "Lieber Gott im Himmel, was ist letz!" "When you are tempted again, say: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Follow the course of the prodigal son, who, when he came to himself, resolved to seek his paternal roof. His wisdom has never been questioned. If you do not walk the chalk line you will get yourself in the position of the bull, when he tried to eat grass on both sides of the fence with the result, that he could neither hook in front nor kick behind. You won't know where you are or whither you are drifting, like the darkey's calf. Sambo asked: "Jim, where am that calf going?" "I don't know where that there calf am going."

"Why don't you know where that calf am going?"

"Because de calf don't know hisself whar it am going."

"It chawed its tag." What should be done? Follow the advice of the orderly sergeant when his captain got his company verhootled: "Break ranks and call the roll!"

Stop chasing the Republican rainbow to get on

gilt-edge committees. Both factions of the Republicans are alike: "Speck und Schwart von einer Art." They don't throw the monkey-wrench into the threshing machine. They are like the Arabs of old, desiring all they see, and their friends are not in a perfect state of equilibrium unless their desires are gratified. They hold on to the bird in hand and go for the birds in the bush.

But, nevertheless and notwithstanding, since the Koontz Democrats, the Johnny Wanamaker Democrats, the Bell-Hammels, the porkless Insurgents and the Quay Democrats, as well as the Quayites, are all yelling like Piute Indians at a government beef distribution, for the triumph of principles over corruption, honesty over fraud and integrity over iniquity and wickedness, the dear people ought to encourage them:

"Drum wünsch' Ich, dass das Glücke
Du dieses Jahr erlangst,
Dass Du an keinem Stricke
Dies Jahr am Galgen hangst.

Häng Dich an keinem Nagel,
Stürtz Dich in keinen Fluss;
Dich tödte nicht der Hagel
Und kein Kanonenschuss.

Ich wünsche Dir gesund'res,
Ein ganz besond'res Glück;
Fall' keine Steg herunter
Und brech' nicht das Genick.

So viel Glück als man Haare
Auf allen Eseln zählt,
Damit in diesem Jahre
An keinem Glück Dir's fehlt."

THE EFFICACY OF A GIFTED ENGLISH TONGUE IN THE POSSESSION OF A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN.

Not many years ago a poverty-stricken young man with a well developed gift of eloquence, whose motto was "never marry for money and never without it," and preferred being married to being poor, courted a young lady with money and means, who passed the greater part of her existence in the contemplation of her own perfections. She had an option on him without limitation, and she hesitated long before she exercised it. He had no easy task, for he had neither funds nor pedigree, but what he lacked in this he made up in physique, sanity, sense and energy. One evening, after much spoony eloquence, he won her hand with her heart in it; in other words, she capitulated unconditionally. It appears that he did not pursue the orthodox method when he proposed by placing his girl on his knees, but went on his knees. Next morning she admitted to one of her lady friends that she had yielded to his importunities and added with a sigh of relief: "Last evening Sammy fell on his knees before me and "spake as man never spake before." He made a better job of it than did the ultra-preterpluperfect yellow-kidded dandy who in his appeal to his best girl said: "I love you with a ferver, a ferver that is worthy of a better cause."